

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 884

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1923.

TWOPENCE

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AND
ENJOY
LIPTON'S
TEA

THE LARGEST
NET SALES
OF ANY
2d WEEKLY
PERIODICAL
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THE WORLD

The Man Underneath

by
"A Gentleman with a Duster"



You're at Your Best



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You know those special occasions when you need to be very fit. Maybe it is an important interview—a convincing argument—or a social outing—whatever the reason you can only be at your best if your health is right.

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Send No Money

The "John Bull" Ever-Point Filling Pen has a soft gold nib, is run tipped and is fitted with screw cap and clip.

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Everpointed Pencil FREE!

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YORK.—E. MENON, 8, Waddington Street,
Early.

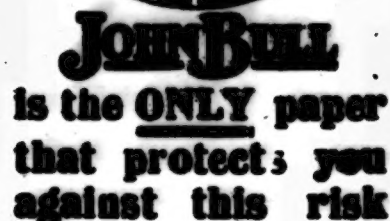
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Nenth.
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Allerton, Portarlington.
STRATFORD, E. J.—Mrs. L. E. WYKE,
54, Maryland Park.
CUSTOM HOUSE, E.—C. TURNER, 2, Leslie
Road.
CUSTOM HOUSE, E.—W. G. GUTTERIDGE,
7, Leslie Road.
S. K. 16.—Mrs. E. B. ROBERTSON, 160,
Southpark Park Road.
EAST HAM, E.—J. H. RICHARDSON, 173,
Central Park Road.
N. W. 1.—Sis. PATHE, 67, Stibbin'ston Street,
VIRGINIA PARK, E. 9.—Mrs. M. OTT, 19,
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GLAZ—Mrs. JILL, 7, Fraser Street, Toronto.
CO. AUBURN.—IRVING.—Mrs. A. GARDNER, 14, Jeffrey Street, Halifax.
GLAZ—EDITH, 62, Victoria Road, Toronto.
THOMAS.—MRS. — Mrs. A. MURRAY, 14, Leslie St., Toronto.
STOURBRIDGE.—Mrs. C. MURRAY, 2, Hamilton Street, 1st.
NOTH.—A. FELL, Paisley Lane, Galtville, Kansas.
NORMILK.—Mrs. A. FISHER, 24, Creston, Montreal.
STAVELKY. near CHENEBAY.—Mrs. A. SMITH, 149, Front Street.

GOVAN, GLASGOW.—J. HARRISON, 124,
Hermes Row.
NOTES.—Mrs. H. T. Wilson, The Gardens,
Kirkcaldy Hill, Southwell.
NEWCASTLE, MON.—Mrs. M. SUTTON, 64,
Bakewell Street.

PEMBRAM, MON.—E. CARRINGTON, 127,
 Pembury Avenue, Garden City.
 RIVINGTON LODGE.—Mrs. FLICK, 14, Raynton
 Road.
 SLATCH.—Mrs. G. PAXTON, 12, Edward St.
 FORT GLASGOW.—Mrs. W. ADAMS, 1,
 Houston Street.
 CHESTER.—Mrs. H. G. POOR, 10, Sefton
 Avenue, Altrincham.
 SOUTH BRIDGES.—Mrs. A. HODGE, 101,
 Adelaide Street.
 NOTTINGHAM.—F. J. STEVENS, 4, Octavia
 Street, Aston.
 HIGHER INCE.—near WIGAN.—J. FERRIS,
 2, John Street.
 DEWSBURY.—Mrs. E. ARMSTRONG, 1,
 Ernest Jones Street.
 LANCASHIRE.—A. PENNINGTON, 2, Rose
 Street, Bolton.
 GLASGOW.—M. GALLAGHAN, 29, Kelvin
 Street, Kinning Park.
 YORK.—G. HARTLEY, 149, Sheffield Road,
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 MON.—J. FURLONG, 10, Walker Street,
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 RHONDDA, GLAM.—D. DAVIES, 97,
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 BIRMINGHAM.—J. HARBROOK, 1, Barching
 Place, Westman Street.
 GRIMSBY.—Mrs. A. MCCANN, 23, Flower
 Square.
 MONE BRISTON.—Mrs. J. BURNETT,
 54, Anne Terrace, Littleworth.
 BATTERSEA.—Mrs. E. F. D. LONG, 24,
 Victoria Road.
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(IN CAPITAL LETTERS)

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Name and Address of Newspaper

Date

Use 1¢ Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing 1¢ stamp.

I.B. 91-2-91

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PART-TIME AGENCY. — An opportunity for persons in regular employment to sell Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Jewellery, etc.; cash or credit; good com. — Apply, J. Turner (Dept. 10), 16, The Arcade, Grattan Road, Bradford.

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KNITTING wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wages for output; experience not necessary. Send one penny stamp for prospectus. — B. M. Co., Dept. 100, 92, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

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BUILD UP A Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. — Write, Noble Bros., Felham St., Nottingham.

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 50 London and Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (10 words). 50 papers 5/-. Write for free list. — Camden Advertising Agency (Dept. Y.), 61, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

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Prepaid Rate: 6s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

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SEE EVERYDAY Money-making Opportunity. — Contains 100 Spare-time Employments. 45 Money-making Schemes (small capital). 500 Trade Secrets. 100 Patent Medicine Formulas. 3/6 post paid. — J. & B. Wilkes, Stockton, Essex.

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DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homagepins direct from makers; best quality only. Patterns free. — Harris Tweed Dept. 1, James St., Stormont.

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WORMS CURED. — Action Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by ridding the system of the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1d. for generous supply, or 11d. stamp for Free Pamphlet. — Edward Tablet Co., 34-36, Colindale, Barnet.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM. — Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds. Contains good sound advice and special information of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. — L. Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. H.), 90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

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NEW LIFE to Weak, Worn, Nervous, Failing People. Thyroid Glands restore youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve force. Never fail. No drugs. Free trial p.c. — Percival, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

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DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. — Use Brooks Rubber Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Hides and draws parts together quickly. **SENT ON TRIAL.** (Catalogue free). — Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1705K), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

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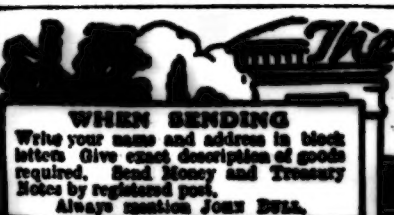
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Write your name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post.
Always mention JOHN BULL.

YOUR PROTECTION
The JOHN BULL guarantee covers all orders in this section. You can part with your money as safely as buying from a store counter, so post your order to-day.

'THE BOLTON'
Carriage Paid on approval. Ball-bearing Tangent Cycle Wheel.
£6:17:6
Beautifully Upholstered. Large and Roomy. Loose Cushions. Finest Materials and Finish throughout. The Lightest and Easiest Running Carriage made.
Cheaper Models from 25/12/6.
Write for Free Catalogue No. 10.
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This distinctive coat is an extra of the very latest mode and is suitable for holiday wear. It's 3/4 long with full collar and deep sleeves and is fastened with a single of antique metal. Obtainable in grey, silver or navy at 4/11.
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All goods sent on receipt of first payment. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.
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Silk per lb. **6/9**
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"Folestar" Art. Spun Silk retains its lustrous sheen and softness. Your money will be willingly returned if you are not delighted.
This Artificial Silk has been patented by "John Bull" and is sold at 10/- of equivalent value.
"FOLESTAR" ART. SPUN SILK
Available in 25 colours and other inclusive shades. Write now enclosing payment at the rate of 6/9 lb. or 10/- lb. to the sole suppliers:
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27a, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
Order New Colours. Order 1/2 Shipment for Price.

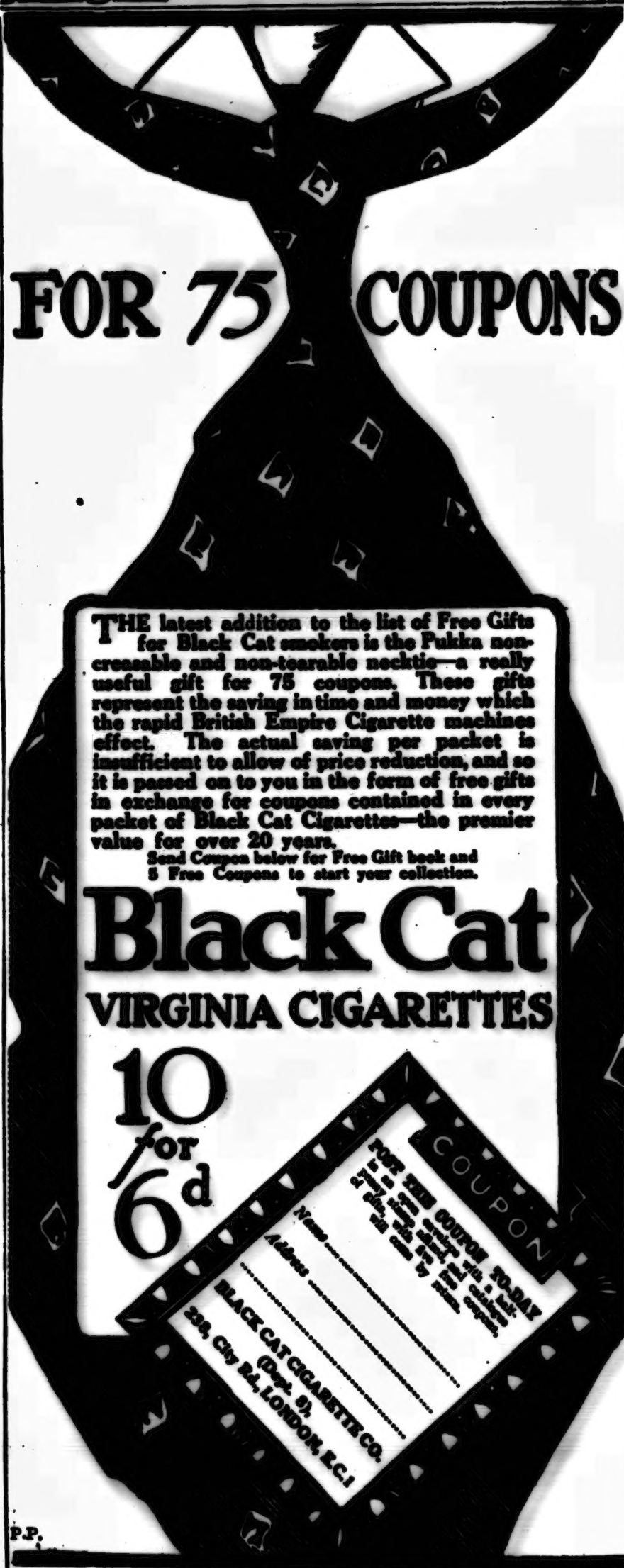
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Described by "John Bull" to be a real bargain.
Strongly made of polished blackwood, with metal fastenings and patent spring. The Cooper Portable Trousers Press will enable you to keep perfectly pressed trousers every day of your life.
Send 10/- to-day for (with silver-plated metal parts 7/6) plus 2/- (freight 1/-) for case, and get a "Cooper" by return. The Cooper Co., Ltd., 124, Chancery St., L.L.L.

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If you pay for your 12/6 bike 12/6 monthly, you can have it at once. It is the best value offered on such terms. It is a really superb machine, built in England, with the finest materials and finish throughout. It is the lightest and easiest running machine made.
Write for free catalogue.
£55. CASH.
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GERMAN FIRST STEEL. Grained Xylonic Handles. Wood Finish.
State if round or square handles are required.
Examined by John Bull and guaranteed to be of sterling value. Post your order to-day. Satisfaction guaranteed.
15/6 CASH WITH ORDER 13/6
half-doz. half-doz.
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14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL
One of the greatest wash-day bargains ever offered. The new and improved "SWIFT-SURE" is a triumph of BRITISH inventive genius.
A TUB OF CLOTHES WASHED IN 4 MINUTES
NO BOILING
NO DYEING
NO STAINING
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State of 1000 Cycles and more.
Price **19/6** full.
SEND NO MONEY
Just send a postcard to-day and the "SWIFT-SURE" will be sent CARRIAGE PAID for your FREE TRIAL.
BRITISH VACUUM WASHER CO. (Dept. S.), Liverpool

for 10/- down
we will make to your order a Smart TAILORED COSTUME in best quality All-Weather material.
We are not a shop of these smart models and are now supplying direct to the public. For 10/- down and the balance in instalments of 10/- per month, we will supply within a few days a man-tailored costume made to your own individual measure. NOT a stock-and-arts item. Write for particulars and simple self-measurement form. Satisfaction guaranteed or money returned.
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Send Coupon below for Free Gift book and 5 Free Coupons to start your collection.

Black Cat
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10
for
6d

COUPON

FOR THE COUPON 30-DAY
FREE GIFT BOOK AND 5 FREE COUPONS
TO START YOUR COLLECTION.

Name _____

Address _____

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(Dept. 9).
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1,000 Suits only—Offered exclusively to readers of this paper.

Ready for Wear

These Suits are All Wool Tweeds and Cheviots—the materials were offered to us at a very low price and we are passing on to you the advantage gained. The predominating colours are shades of medium and dark Greys and Browns; patterns are varied and include herring-bones, subdued mixtures and a sprinkling of stripes. The cut is stylish and the tailoring and finish are both sound and dependable.

Jackets are mostly cut with S.B. lapels, though many have the popular D.B. lapel. All are two button models with one outside breast and two generous side pockets. Trousers are shapely, with one hip and two side pockets, permanent turn-ups and raised seams.

This is just the suit for hard wear—either for Business or Country—if it appeals to you we invite you to write at once. We cannot repeat this offer.

Sizes from 34 to 42
inches chest measurement. In All
Wool Tweeds and
Cheviots. Ready
for Wear. The Suit

29/6

N.B.—We have only 1,000 Suits at this price—they are obtainable from our Chief Establishment only, either personally or by post. Order **TO-DAY**.

POST FREE to any address in Great Britain or Ireland. Money refunded on return of suit, unsoiled, within 7 days, if you are not entirely satisfied with it.

Send your Order, stating full height and chest measure, **To-Day**

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Complete Outfitters

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the Right to Justice and Truth.

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= Never Sets =

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The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

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The Premier's statement on the Ruhr and Reparations problem will have the approval of the country. He has avoided an open breach with France and firmly restated Britain's common-sense position.

If Followed Up.

The future will test its practicability, once Germany's capacity to pay has been definitely fixed and measures outlined for ensuring payment. But it must be backed by strong action.

The First Step.

If France is wise she will realise the urgent necessity for ending the ruinous deadlock in the Ruhr and co-operating with her Allies in saving Europe from utter ruin.

On the Verge.

If France and Britain split on the Ruhr question, Germany will have won what she has worked four and a half years to achieve. It's up to France to prevent it.

A Big Advance.

The League of Nations has done a service to Europe by dragging the Saar scandal into the light of day. It is the first sign of reality it has given.

Second Largest Output.

Germany is rapidly regaining a dominant position in merchant shipping. Oh! those Reparations!

The Leopard's Spots.

Britain has proposed to Germany that she should enter the League of Nations. She is willing to do so—on terms. Such an attitude is evidence of the same old spirit.

We Said So.

The Reichstag Committee blames the German Government for the collapse of the mark. We've long been pointing out what a game it was.

The Wrong Way.

The Church Assembly has declined to express an opinion on the European situation. It is this aloofness from practical affairs that is turning people from the Church—whose first duty is to lead.

At Last.

By abolishing the sale of "livings" the Church Assembly has put an end to a long-standing scandal. The next step is to pay clergymen a living wage.

Easy!

Lloyd George asks if anyone can tell him where humanity is going. Hell—unless sanity takes the place of insanity and statesmanship replaces political buffoonery.

The Better Way.

The dockers are to be congratulated on having the good sense to call the strike off. Their grievance is a real one, however, and must receive immediate investigation.

Not Cricket.

There are still 1,200 cases of victimisation outstanding as the result of the farm labourers strike—in defiance of the agreement. The Farmers Union needs a moral stock-taking.

The Limit.

The notorious Ellis Island has just been compared unfavourably with a Soviet prison. We hope Americans like the reputation they're acquiring.

Do It Again.

At last the British taxpayer is to be relieved of his Turkish burden. The next thing is to take Mesopotamia and Palestine off his shoulders.

Are Please!

The Army Council has increased in both strength and expense. The war's been over five years. Here's a clear case for economy.

For Shame!

The latest "economy" of the Ministry of Pensions is to cripple the work of the Special Grants Committee, and cancel the sickness allowance of widows and orphans. Such methods stink in the nostrils of all decent men.

Play the Game!

The Government is going to spend £5,000 of your money in another test case to try and evade payment of war bonus arrears to certain civil servants. This is mean parsimony—not economy.

Oh! For Some Brains!

International trade, like international politics, is becoming farcical. British wool is being sold to foreign competitors who then proceed to undersell British manufacturers.

Stupendous!

The Board of Trade has set up a Committee to inquire into the causes of unemployment in certain trades. Fancy that! We suppose it never occurs to anyone that a general inquiry would be useful.

More Disgraceful "Economy."

Blind workers in Manchester are on strike against the reduction in their pay. State machinery exists for their care—put it in order.

A Financial Mills'ene.

The enormous sum of £105,200,000 has been spent on unemployment since 1919, and still the problem grows worse. Money is plentiful and brains scarce—that's the trouble.

A Growing List.

The Committee on Food Prices has added butchers to their list of profiteers. They've ascertained the facts and it's up to the Government to act on them.

Do It Now.

A huge meat combine is being formed. Now is the time for the Government to redeem the two-year-old promise to introduce legislation to protect the consumer in such cases.

As Usual!

The State has lost £10,000,000 on the purchase of recontrol bacon since 1919. This makes the £800,000 lost on boring for oil look a mere trifle. All the same it's your money.

Wanted—a Black List.

Unless the building rings are tackled, cheap houses are impossible. Let the country know the names of the profiteers. "Watching" won't stop them.

What Next?

To give county court judges power to rectify landlords' documentary errors or omissions is the weirdest kind of legislation. It is class bias of the worst type.

Property v. Life.

There is determined opposition in Parliament to the proposed Fair Rent Courts. Nevertheless we must have them. When decontrol comes they will be essential.

Dishevelled Landlords.

Something must be done to ensure that when landlords charge increased rent for repairs the repairs are really carried out. There are thousands of tenants paying for what they have not had.

Prudent Prudery.

Grandmotherly regulations governing bathing dresses are springing up all over the country. For heaven's sake let's remember this is the twentieth century and that Queen Anne's dead!

Relics of Barbarism.

Before the war, Russia was the only country requiring passports. It's time we got back to pre-war methods in this respect.

Open Justice.

If the Press are excluded from divorce courts there is no case for admitting the public. Our open administration of justice is Britain's pride and the world's envy.

An Easy Remedy.

Wholesale desertions from British ships arriving in foreign ports continue. A revision of pay and better conditions are all that is necessary to end them.

Sauce for the Goose.

Apparently when a British ship enters American waters it ceases to be British, but when an American ship enters British waters it remains American. It's a game two can play at.

A Pointed Moral.

The successful prosecution of Art O'Brien emphasises both the rank illegality of the Home Secretary's action and the incompetence of the Law Officers of the Crown. No doubt the Government appreciate the situation.

A Strong Hand Needed.

India is seething with anarchy and rebellion and unless strong measures are taken we shall lose it. Will the "British-Indian Union" tell us why it is now almost impossible to get Englishmen to enter the Indian Civil Service?

Enlightening.

Apropos of our revelations respecting Police Black Sheep, perhaps some inquiring M.P. will press for a return of the total number of people taken to police stations without any charge being made against them. The figures should be enlightening.

Prison Preferred.

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Sentenced to three months for starving his children, who lived in a back bedroom with only a straw mattress on which to sleep, David James Thomas, an Abercragan man, was described as a lazy loafer who spent most of his time in the pubs. We could very well export all individuals of the type of Thomas, for it is they who provide the Pussyfoot people with their deadliest weapons.

Don't Tell the Truth.

Let us stage a drama in jerks. One, the Rev. G. Clague has completed five years at the Boston Primitive Methodist Church. Two, he farewells for Normanton. Three, the flock subscribe and buy a silver tray for a present. Four, he makes a farewell speech and tells them exactly what he thinks of them. Five, they keep the tray. Query: Will Normanton possess more Christian charity?

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The limit of strawsplitting has been reached in Glasgow. A man was charged with using one of six tickets—not transferable—bought by a fellow worker. It seems that a man may purchase a ticket for his wife, but not for his friend. It would be illegal. A Question is to be asked in Parliament, but is it really necessary? Surely the time of the House could be much better used.

Short-weight Thomas.

When an inspector stopped Edwin Thomas's coal wagon in Canton, Cardiff, he found that twelve out of the eighteen bags on it were each a few pounds short weight. In spite of prosecutions this mean form of swindling the very poor is still exceedingly prevalent and will remain so until the magistrates make up their minds to be less gentle with the offenders.

A Cruel Cripple.

Afflicted physically, a cripple should be the last person in the world to inflict suffering on animals. However, a cripple named Edward Reynolds, of Leyton, who goes about the streets with an organ in a barrow drawn by a donkey, has been so given to thrashing the donkey with his stick that the R.S.P.C.A. took action against him, and he was fined 20s. by the Stratford Bench. Reynolds will, perhaps, now, show a little more consideration for the poor brute on which his livelihood depends.

Britishers First.

We are glad to hear that the Portsmouth Manufacturers' Association protested against the action of the local War Memorial Committee in giving a contract for bronze name plates to an Italian firm. In a recent issue we inadvertently said that the Association were responsible for this strange step. The reverse, of course, is the case. The Association is at one with us in wanting to push local and British trade.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

The benefits of the JOHN BULL Free Home Insurance Gift are extended to registered readers during their stay at Hotels, Boarding-Houses or Apartments, both as to Accident benefits and to material damage, the latter being limited to £20 to cover Registered Reader's Luggage. Registered readers will be required to show that they have purchased the paper whilst away.

Poison for Children.

When visiting the home—one bedroom and living-room—of five adults and a baby, the Bradford health inspector saw two freezers, one containing milk and the other ice-cream, not fit to be eaten. Outside the door was a tub of pig "swill" and the house itself was very dirty and smelt unpleasantly. Beatrice Maude was fined 40s. for not taking proper precautions to prevent contamination or infection in the making of the ice-cream. Little enough, seeing the dozens of children's lives jeopardised by her action!

Lucky Brute!

His wife being absent, William Thomas Stickings, of Govan, acted in a fiendish fashion towards their 21 months old son, savagely attacking the babe with a belt. Bruises to the face, cuts behind the ear, and marks on the body were amongst the babe's injuries, and Stickings' conduct was rightly described by Bailie John Smith as monstrous. Why the Bailie let the inhuman brute off with a £10 fine requires to be explained. The sentence was entirely inadequate.

Foolish Fines.

When a homeless Army Reservist and a woman who was on tramp with him were charged at Burton-on-Trent with creating a disturbance, they were found to have 15s. 1d. and 16s. 0d., respectively, all that was left, apparently, of the pension he had drawn the day before. The Bench fined the man 10s. with 5s. costs, and the woman 7s. 6d. with 6s. costs. Both asked to be sent to prison, but their request was refused, and they were turned on to the road with 2s. 8d. between them. To beg, borrow, or steal?

Cranks and Kill-Joys.

We must congratulate the London County Council on setting a good example to other Local Authorities by routing the cranks who would have stopped Sunday games in the parks. At the same time we will express our contempt for the kill-joy of the Ventnor District Council, who have vetoed a proposal that tennis and bowls should be allowed after 2 p.m. on Sundays, though they have graciously permitted the provision of teas at the bowling green on Sunday afternoons. We suppose anyone found playing "five-stones" with lump of sugar will be prosecuted!

P'Shaw!

"Shaw and Company," with a *pro tem.* address at 103, Upper Tollington Park, London, N., advertise for clerks, typists and warehousemen for evening work, and send applicants "A unique offer to earn £3 per week, and participate in sharing scheme of £8,500." Grandiloquent reference is made to "The Golden Ballot, of which the Earl of Denbigh, C.V.O., is Chairman," but boiled down, the offer resolves itself into an attempt to persuade people to send postal orders for 10s. for watches. To a temporary address? Pshaw! We should watch it!

Wanted—a Public Defender.

After Frank Daws, of Harrogate, had been on trial for his honour three times without a jury being able to agree on a verdict, the public prosecutor, influenced no doubt by Mr. Justice Lush's strong comments on the extraordinary conduct of the police in connection with the case, wisely decided to offer no further evidence, and he was discharged. Though he has been acquitted, this young schoolmaster and his family have been ruined financially and in health by an ill-advised prosecution. Had there been a public defender, the case would have collapsed at the first hearing.

Exploiting the Unemployed.

"The National Gas Meter and Fittings Testing Association" is the ponderous title of a concern operating from 20, Gloucester Road, South Tottenham, London, N., which advertises anonymously for gas-fitters. Many unemployed applicants who could ill spare 1d. for a stamp have been dismayed to receive flamboyant literature extolling an apparatus costing £45, with the offer of which it is suggested they could earn money. We advise Frank R. Edge, who appears to be in control of this business, to adopt less objectionable business methods.

A Well-deserved Thashing.

When William George Courage, a young Southampton taxi-cabman, undertook to drive a couple who had just landed from New York, he proved to be so intoxicated that he overturned the vehicle when it was travelling at thirty miles an hour. He was sent to prison for fourteen days by the Fareham Magistrates, a sentence he richly merited. More to our liking, however, was the unofficial punishment administered by one of his passengers, who extricated himself from the debris and gave him a well-deserved thrashing. That should "larn" him.

Preying on Women.

The atrocious crimes of John Summers, otherwise Hargreaves, have placed him in penal servitude. The scoundrel is a destroyer of women's souls. He won the love of a young schoolmistress, lured her to London under a promise of marriage, and there he robbed her and left her stranded. Another poor woman he bigamously married, caused her to live an immoral life, and lived on the wages of her sins. Only when such rascals are behind locked doors are women safe in Manchester.

A Fool Man's Friendship.

The notorious Sandy MacNab, or "A. Hillcoat," as he prefers to call himself, is now running a "Universal Friend's League" from 43, Canonbury Square, London, N., inviting lonely souls to send him 3s. 6d. for introductions to others seeking the solace of companionship. How this foul seducer, whom we have repeatedly exposed, can have the effrontery to advertise "Special attention given to Religious People and Life Abstinents," and why he is permitted by the police to continue his shady operations, are matters which pass our comprehension.

Food for Thought.

While serving the twenty-one days' imprisonment, inflicted on him by the Hampstead Bench, William Alder, motor proprietor, of Fitzroy Yard, St. John's Wood, may, if he is of a reflective turn of mind, come to realise that he who gets drunk while in charge of a motor-car is a public pest, and a danger to his fellow men. Alder was so drunk while driving a car at Hampstead that he ran into a pillar-box. Hence his durance vile. His one consoling thought should be that it was only a pillar-box he ran down.

The On'y Remedy.

Dr. J. Buchan, Bradford's medical officer of health, suggests that "a married woman to some extent degrades her marriage when she returns to the mill or factory after her marriage." Woman's greatest work is done in the home, and her noblest duty is her care for her children. But there are cottages herolines in England who are compelled to do double duty because the State has not yet solved the problem of the unemployment of hundreds of thousands of husbands and fathers who don't want doles and who do want work.

A Job for the Kent Police.

We must again draw the attention of the Kent Police to the continued activities of a person calling herself Mrs. Wood, who runs a concern styled "The Ladies' Agency," at King Edward Avenue, Broadstairs. By advertising attractive situations vacant she induces unemployed domestic servants of both sexes to send half-crowns to cover postal expenses. All they receive is a list of supposed vacancies in an open envelope bearing a penny stamp, and subsequent applications are ignored. This fleecing of the poor has gone on far too long.

High Life at Southend.

A prominent town councillor recently rushed into print to proclaim that Southend's most urgent need was a "Temple of Music." The Council would be better employed constructing houses for the workers. Apart from one estate, where the rents are 25s. a week and the restrictions would form a fine theme for a music-hall sketch, the Council have done nothing, though we hear of 12s. a week being paid for a small unfurnished attic and a man with a wife and children living in a single furnished room at 30s. a week. This is making the cost of living far too high.

No Expense Spared.

Four months ago when the Bangor City Council desired to remove a small sandbank from the end of their pier, they were told that the consent of four different Government departments had to be obtained. They sent along the four applications, and each department wrote for a map, which could easily have been got in London. The end of all the time and money-wasting tomfoolery is that only one department has so far given its consent.

Hunt Them Down!

In recent articles we have revealed the activities of the gangs of international crooks who have been reaping a rich harvest in all the capitals of Europe by means of forged cheques and notes. We urged international co-operation of the police forces. A message from Berlin announces that Felix Gantz, one of the leaders of these gangs, has been caught, after a hunt in which British, German, American and French police took part. A good beginning! There is still plenty of work in this connection for the international police to do.

Bad Business.

"We ourselves are not interested in business and accept no commission," declare the "International Commercial Intelligence Bureau," Damarak 60, Amsterdam, who appear to have branches in Berlin, Brussels, Genoa, Zurich, Prague, and Gothenburg, in a weird and wonderful circular with which they are flooding this country. What they seem to be chiefly interested in is the receipt of a membership fee of £3 3s. a year. That certainly is not business, though we have no doubt they hope to profit by it.

THE GRUMBLING HABIT.

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

It is a commonplace that Englishmen are inveterate grumblers.

We curse the weather, we curse the taxes, we curse our occupation, we curse the politicians, we curse the state of trade, we curse the locality we dwell in, we curse our country, we curse everything and everybody but the foreigner.

When attention is drawn to this national characteristic we complacently explain that it is just our way.

Unfortunately for us this is damagingly true. It is just our way and a very bad way.

We say that of course outsiders cannot be expected to understand that when we depreciate English life and institutions we do not really mean it.

But ought we not to be ashamed that they should think we do?

It lowers us in their eyes and engenders contempt and misunderstanding in their estimate of us.

We do not care what opinion other nations have of us; but it would be better if we did.

Foreigners cannot be blamed for holding England cheap if we profess to do so ourselves.

Our behaviour in this respect encouraged Germany to think us decadent and to make war on us.

When I was in America two summers ago I found that Englishmen's diatribes against England and everything English were reproduced and believed there and were doing enormous harm.

An American as spontaneously exhibits his pride in everything pertaining to his national life as we do the opposite in regard to ours.

He knows the value of his method. There is life in it; it helps things along.

Conversely ours tends to depress energy and to increase the very conditions at which we rail. Ceaseless grumbling not only does no good, but weakens our power of overcoming ill.

Let us banish the unlovely habit and re-create Merrie England.

Idiotic Prosecutions.

Though the Retford Magistrates have more than once come under our censure, we must commend their sensible attitude regarding the idiotic prosecutions instigated by the Local Education Committee in an attempt to compel the attendance at school of boys who have reached school-leaving age after the commencement of a term. In ordering several defendants to pay trifling costs, the Chairman made it clear that the Bench would afford the Committee no support in such proceedings. We hope other magistrates will follow this excellent example.

Empty Admiralty Houses.

At Fosdyke, Lincs, there is a coastguard station consisting of several houses, one of which has been unoccupied for some weeks in consequence of the abolition of the Coastguards. Many homeless ex-Service men have applied in vain for the tenancy, and now one of our readers has been informed by the Admiralty that it is not proposed to let any more of these houses as the question of the disposal of the property outright is under consideration. The same thing applies to many other places along the coast, an indefensible state of affairs in view of the prevalent house shortage.

An Evil Story.

At the inquest on Mr. Robey, who collapsed and died when endeavouring to climb Beachy Head, Mr. Edward Stewart stated that he had seen him fall and had run to his assistance. He asked a young man to call the coastguards for help and to telephone for a doctor from the local hotel. The man returned and said that in both cases aid had been refused. The coroner expressed astonishment and Inspector Gribbe stated that the police would inquire into the allegation. Can it be true?

Belgian Bluff.

Readers should beware of the blandishments of a concern called "Lithographia Belgica," of Ghent, which sends unasked huge reproductions of a panoramic picture of the Flanders battlefields for which they ask £1 to enable them to erect a building worthy of housing the original "masterpiece." One who was foolish enough to forward the money received a comical letter with a request for a further remittance. If they choose to dump their rubbish in this way they should be invited to call and take it away again.

Gene Away—No Address.

Several of our readers would like to know the present whereabouts of an individual calling himself David T. Jolley, who some time ago opened a "Modern Dental Surgery" at Coalville, Leicestershire. After collecting instalments from a large number of residents by way of payment in advance for dentures, he has decamped, leaving his dupes toothless, and speechless with indignation. The Coalville police seem unable to trace him, but some of our readers may be more successful in enabling us to deliver what is due to him.

The Snowball Twins.

Among the commercial curiosities recently submitted to us is the offer of a pair of boots for 3s. on the snowball system made by "The Goodwear Supply Co.," 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. By a strange coincidence, the circulars are identical in every particular, even to the illustration of the imposing-looking building from which the offer is supposed to emanate, with those sent out by "The City and Suburban Supply Co.," 15, 17, 19, Artillery Lane, London, E.C. Which is Tweedledum and which is Tweedledee is immaterial. We do not recommend dealing with either.

"The Lady in Tattersalls."

Ivy Rose, a female tipster who lives mostly at Brighton and describes herself as "The Lady in Tattersalls," seems to be sadly lacking in the feminine courtesies, though she offers wine and money as allurements to punters to send 5s. for the cost of her telegrams. When a reader who had received only one useless selection by letter wrote and asked politely for his money back, she indignantly replied saying she would not answer any more such rude letters, as she kept two solicitors to attend to them.

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Afflicted physically, a cripple should be the last person in the world to inflict suffering on animals. However, a cripple named Edward Reynolds, of Leyton, who goes about the streets with an organ in a barrow drawn by a donkey, has been so given to thrashing the donkey with his stick that the R.S.P.C.A. took action against him, and he was fined 20s. by the Stratford Bench. Reynolds will, perhaps, now, show a little more consideration for the poor brute on which his livelihood depends.

Britishers First.

We are glad to hear that the Portsmouth Manufacturers' Association protested against the action of the local War Memorial Committee in giving a contract for bronze name plates to an Italian firm. In a recent issue we inadvertently said that the Association were responsible for this strange step. The reverse, of course, is the case. The Association is at one with us in wanting to push local and British trade.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

The benefits of the JOHN BULL Free Home Insurance Gift are extended to registered readers during their stay at Hotels, Boarding-Houses or Apartments, both as to Accident benefits and to material damage, the latter being limited to £20 to cover Registered Reader's Luggage. Registered readers will be required to show that they have purchased the paper whilst away.

Poison for Children.

When visiting the home—one bedroom and living-room—of five adults and a baby, the Bradford health inspector saw two freezers, one containing milk and the other ice-cream, not fit to be eaten. Outside the door was a tub of pig "swill," and the house itself was very dirty and smelt unpleasantly. Beatrice Maude was fined 40s. for not taking proper precautions to prevent contamination or infection in the making of the ice-cream. Little enough, seeing the dozens of children's lives jeopardised by her action!

Lucky Brute!

His wife being absent, William Thomas Stickings, of Govan, acted in a fiendish fashion towards his 21 months old son, savagely attacking the babe with a belt. Bruises to the face, cuts behind the ear, and marks on the body were amongst the babe's injuries, and Stickings' conduct was rightly described by Bailie John Smith as monstrous. Why the Bailie let the inhuman brute off with a £10 fine requires to be explained. The sentence was entirely inadequate.

Foolish Fines.

When a homeless Army Reservist and a woman who was on tramp with him were charged at Burton-on-Trent with creating a disturbance, they were found to have 15s. 1d. and 16s. 0d., respectively, all that was left, apparently, of the pension he had drawn the day before. The Bench fined the man 10s. with 5s. costs, and the woman 7s. 6d. with 6s. costs. Both asked to be sent to prison, but their request was refused, and they were turned on to the road with 2s. 8d. between them. To beg, borrow, or steal?

Cranks and Kill-Joys.

We must congratulate the London County Council on setting a good example to other Local Authorities by routing the cranks who would have stopped Sunday games in the parks. At the same time we will express our contempt for the kill-joy of the Ventnor District Council, who have vetoed a proposal that tennis and bowls should be allowed after 2 p.m. on Sundays, though they have graciously permitted the provision of teas at the bowling green on Sunday afternoons. We suppose anyone found playing "five-stones" with lumps of sugar will be prosecuted!

Pshaw!

"Shaw and Company," with a *pro tem.* address at 103, Upper Tollington Park, London, N., advertise for clerks, typists and warehousemen for evening work, and send applicants "A unique offer to earn £3 per week, and participate in sharing scheme of £8,500." Grandiloquent reference is made to "The Golden Ballot, of which the Earl of Denbigh, C.V.O., is Chairman," but boiled down, the offer resolves itself into an attempt to persuade people to send postal orders for 10s. for watches. To a temporary address! Pshaw! We should watch it!

Wanted—A Public Defender.

After Frank Dawes, of Harrogate, had been on trial for his honour three times without a jury being able to agree on a verdict, the public prosecutor, influenced no doubt by Mr. Justice Lush's strong comments on the extraordinary conduct of the police in connection with the case, wisely decided to offer no further evidence, and he was discharged. Though he has been acquitted, this young schoolmaster and his family have been ruined financially and in health by an ill-advised prosecution. Had there been a public defender, the case would have collapsed at the first hearing.

Exploiting the Unemployed.

"The National Gas Meter and Fittings Testing Association" is the ponderous title of a concern operating from 20, Gloucester Road, South Tottenham, London, N., which advertises anonymously for gas-fitters. Many unemployed applicants who could ill spare 1d. for a stamp have been dismayed to receive flamboyant literature extolling an apparatus costing £45, with the effect of which it is suggested they could earn money. We advise Frank R. Edge, who appears to be in control of this business, to adopt less objectionable business methods.

A Well-deserved Thrashing.

When William George Courage, a young Southampton taxi-cabman, undertook to drive a couple who had just landed from New York, he proved to be so intoxicated that he overturned the vehicle when it was travelling at thirty miles an hour. He was sent to prison for fourteen days by the Fareham Magistrates, a sentence he richly merited. More to our liking, however, was the unofficial punishment administered by one of his passengers, who extricated himself from the debris and gave him a well-deserved thrashing. That should "larn" him.

Praying on Women.

The atrocious crimes of John Summers, otherwise Hargreaves, have placed him in penal servitude. The scoundrel is a destroyer of women's souls. He won the love of a young schoolmistress, lured her to London under a promise of marriage, and there he robbed her and left her stranded. Another poor woman he bigamously married, caused her to live an immoral life, and lived on the wages of her sins. Only when such rascals are behind locked doors are women safe in Manchester.

A Foul Man's Friendship.

The notorious Sandy MacNab, or "A. Hillcoat," as he prefers to call himself, is now running a "Universal Friend's League" from 43, Canonbury Square, London, N., inviting lonely souls to send him 3s. 6d. for introductions to others seeking the solace of companionship. How this foul seducer, whom we have repeatedly exposed, can have the effrontery to advertise "Special attention given to Religious People and Life Abstinents," and why he is permitted by the police to continue his shady operations, are matters which pass our comprehension.

Food for Thought.

While serving the twenty-one days' imprisonment, inflicted on him by the Hampstead Bench, William Alder, motor proprietor, of Fitzroy Yard, St. John's Wood, may, if he is of a reflective turn of mind, come to realise that he who gets drunk while in charge of a motor-car is a public pest, and a danger to his fellow men. Alder was so drunk while driving a car at Hampstead that he ran into a pillar-box. Hence his durance vile. His one consoling thought should be that it was only a pillar-box he ran down.

The On'y Remedy.

Dr. J. Buchan, Bradford's medical officer of health, suggests that "a married woman to some extent degrades her marriage when she returns to the mill or factory after her marriage." Woman's greatest work is done in the home, and her noblest duty is her care for her children. But there are cottage heroines in England who are compelled to do double duty because the State has not yet solved the problem of the unemployment of hundreds of thousands of husbands and fathers who don't want doles and who do want work.

A Job for the Kent Police.

We must again draw the attention of the Kent Police to the continued activities of a person calling herself Mrs. Wood, who runs a concern styled "The Ladies' Agency," at King Edward Avenue, Broadstairs. By advertising attractive situations vacant she induces unemployed domestic servants of both sexes to send half-crowns to cover postal expenses. All they receive is a list of supposed vacancies in an open envelope bearing a penny stamp, and subsequent applications are ignored. This fleecing of the poor has gone on far too long.

High Life at Southend.

A prominent town councillor recently rushed into print to proclaim that Southend's most urgent need was a "Temple of Music." The Council would be better employed constructing houses for the workers. Apart from one estate, where the rents are 25s. a week and the restrictions would form a fine theme for a music-hall sketch, the Council have done nothing, though we hear of 12s. a week being paid for a small unfurnished attic and a man with a wife and children living in a single furnished room at 30s. a week. This is making the cost of living far too high.

No Expense Spared.

Four months ago when the Bangor City Council desired to remove a small sandbank from the end of their pier, they were told that the consent of four different Government departments had to be obtained. They sent along the four applications, and each department wrote for a map, which could easily have been got in London. The end of all the time and money-wasting tomfoolery is that only one department has so far given its consent.

Hunt Them Down!

In recent articles we have revealed the activities of the gangs of international crooks who have been reaping a rich harvest in all the capitals of Europe by means of forged cheques and notes. We urged international co-operation of the police forces. A message from Berlin announces that Felix Gantz, one of the leaders of these gangs, has been caught, after a hunt in which British, German, American and French police took part. A good beginning! There is still plenty of work in this connection for the international police to do.

Bad Business.

"We ourselves are not interested in business and accept no commission," declare the "International Commercial Intelligence Bureau," Damrak 60, Amsterdam, who appear to have branches in Berlin, Brussels, Genoa, Zurich, Prague, and Gothenburg, in a weird and wonderful circular with which they are flooding this country. What they seem to be chiefly interested in is the receipt of a membership fee of £3 3s. a year. That certainly is not business, though we have no doubt they hope to profit by it.

THE GRUMBLING HABIT.

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

It is a commonplace that Englishmen are inveterate grumblers.

We curse the weather, we curse the taxes, we curse our occupation, we curse the politicians, we curse the state of trade, we curse the locality we dwell in, we curse our country, we curse everything and everybody but the foreigner.

When attention is drawn to this national characteristic we complacently explain that it is just our way.

Unfortunately for us this is damagingly true. It is just our way and a very bad way.

We say that of course outsiders cannot be expected to understand that when we depreciate English life and institutions we do not really mean it.

But ought we not to be ashamed that they should think us so?

It lowers us in their eyes and engenders contempt and misunderstanding in their estimate of us.

We do not care what opinion other nations have of us; but it would be better if we did.

Foreigners cannot be blamed for holding England cheap if we profess to do so ourselves.

Our behaviour in this respect encouraged Germany to think us decadent and to make war on us.

When I was in America two summers ago I found that Englishmen's diatribes against England and everything English were reproduced and believed there and were doing enormous harm.

An American as spontaneously exhibits his pride in everything pertaining to his national life as we do the opposite in regard to ours.

He knows the value of his method. There is life in it; it helps things along.

Conversely ours tends to depress energy and to increase the very conditions at which we rail. Ceaseless grumbling not only does no good, but weakens our power of overcoming ill.

Let us banish the unlovely habit and re-create Merrie England.

Idiotic Prosecutions.

Though the Retford Magistrates have more than once come under our censure, we must commend their sensible attitude regarding the idiotic prosecutions instigated by the Local Education Committee in an attempt to compel the attendance at school of boys who have reached school-leaving age after the commencement of a term. In ordering several defendants to pay trifling costs, the Chairman made it clear that the Bench would afford the Committee no support in such proceedings. We hope other magistrates will follow this excellent example.

Empty Admiralty Houses.

At Fosdyke, Lincs, there is a coastguard station consisting of several houses, one of which has been unoccupied for some weeks in consequence of the abolition of the Coastguards. Many homeless ex-Service men have applied in vain for the tenancy, and now one of our readers has been informed by the Admiralty that it is not proposed to let any more of these houses as the question of the disposal of the property outright is under consideration. The same thing applies to many other places along the coast, an indefensible state of affairs in view of the prevalent house shortage.

An Evil Story.

At the inquest on Mr. Robey, who collapsed and died when endeavouring to climb Beachy Head, Mr. Edward Stewart stated that he had seen him fall and had run to his assistance. He asked a young man to call the coastguards for help and to telephone for a doctor from the local hotel. The man returned and said that in both cases aid had been refused. The coroner expressed astonishment and Inspector Gribbe stated that the police would inquire into the allegation. Can it be true?

Belgian Bluff.

Readers should beware of the blandishments of a concern called "Lithographia Belgica," of Ghent, which sends unasked huge reproductions of a panoramic picture of the Flanders battlefields for which they ask £1 to enable them to erect a building worthy of housing the original "masterpiece." One who was foolish enough to forward the money received a comical letter with a request for a further remittance. If they choose to dump their rubbish in this way they should be invited to call and take it away again.

Gone Away—No Address.

Several of our readers would like to know the present whereabouts of an individual calling himself David T. Jolley, who some time ago opened a "Modern Dental Surgery" at Coalville, Leicestershire. After collecting instalments from a large number of residents by way of payment in advance for dentures, he has decamped, leaving his dupes toothless, and speechless with indignation. The Coalville police seem unable to trace him, but some of our readers may be more successful in enabling us to deliver what is due to him.

The Snowball Twins.

Among the commercial curiosities recently submitted to us is the offer of a pair of boots for 3s. on the snowball system made by "The Goodwear Supply Co.," 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C. By a strange coincidence, the circulars are identical in every particular, even to the illustration of the imposing-looking building from which the offer is supposed to emanate, with those sent out by "The City and Suburban Supply Co.," 15, 17, 19, Artillery Lane, London, E.C. Which is Tweedledum and which is Tweedledee is immaterial. We do not recommend dealing with either.

"The Lady in Tattersalls."

Ivy Rose, a female tipster who lives mostly at Brighton and describes herself as "The Lady in Tattersalls," seems to be sadly lacking in the feminine courtesies, though she offers wine and money as allurements to punters to send 5s. for the cost of her telegrams. When a reader who had received only one useless selection by letter wrote and asked politely for his money back, she indignantly replied saying she would not answer any more such rude letters, as she kept two solicitors to attend to them.

Money to Burn

AS an argument against Government control or management of businesses, the recently issued Trading Accounts and Balance Sheets for 1921-1922 take a lot of beating. Losses running into millions of pounds have resulted from the commercial activities of various Government Departments.

The final account of the flax production operations of the Ministry of Agriculture shows that the estimated loss of £1,172,603 will be considerably increased, while the loss on farm settlements amounted to £249,542.

Serious as are these losses, however, we cannot wonder at them under a system of management which allowed an official in the Scottish Live Stock office to sign blank cheques in order that his assistant could fill them in for any sum required! The assistant took advantage of this and defrauded the department of £326, subsequently being sentenced to twenty months' imprisonment. No proceedings were taken against the superior official.

Oil-boring operations have lost the country a trifle of £600,000, a mere bagatelle to the £10,000,000 that slipped away on bacon during the recontrol period. This loss is attributed largely to "exceptional trade conditions," the same conditions that private traders have to contend with.

In a contest of this kind, the Ministry of Health is never far behind, and a loss of £882,510 by the Department of Building Materials Supply is their "healthy" contribution. Sundry losses in the Home-Grown Timber Department of the Board of Trade amount to £306,284, included in which is £1,191 for "defalcations by staff, written off with Treasury sanction."

The accounts of the Board of Trade Marine Supplies record the transactions, mainly in 1916, for the purchase and resale of Norwegian fish and oil, and show a loss of £5,780,574. We are informed here, however, that these operations were effected in connection with our blockade policy, and "were not governed primarily by considerations of supply."

It is an appalling array of losses that have been gathered together under the appropriately named "Blue" Book. Blue, indeed, would be the outlook for any concern running its business on Government department lines.

The Government, however, may be cherishing the hope that the publication of these Accounts and Balance Sheets, at the price of 6s. per volume, will help materially to wipe off some of the losses. There is sufficient grounds for the belief that they will only add to them. The Hare Street Printing Works show a loss of £13,481, and the Harrow Printing Works a loss of £21,093.

As a popular book for the public this volume will have not the slightest chance.

A Don Juan's Dirty Game

It seems hard to believe that such a brazen adventurer as we expose here is allowed to move freely amongst honest men. This account of his wily ways should prove a warning to any who may encounter him.

"FILM Face Peter," the bogus film producer who calls himself Peter Astor, whose persistent impostures we recently exposed, might well be called "Flint Face Peter." He certainly has what is commonly known as hard cheek.

After an exposure he had the brazen impudence to ring up this office and express his approval of our general policy of exposing humbugs. He declared, however, that in his case we had done an injustice and that he was willing, either in a personal interview or in a written statement, to justify himself. He light-heartedly added that he would ultimately pay everybody to the last farthing of his debts.

Peter Astor has neither called upon us nor written. Other people have. And, incidentally they have added to the long list of those whom Peter, when he reforms, will have to pay.

There is, for example, Mr. J. Davey, an electrical contractor, of 32, Robsart Street, Brixton, S.W., who would very much like to be paid for the electric light alterations done for Peter at his Stockwell lodgings, and also at his office at 40, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

Then there is Mr. R. Delahaye, of 78, The Grand Drive, West Wimbledon, a gentleman who is interested in antiques. Peter called upon him, in his real name of Coulman, and explained that he was acting for an American millionaire who wished to buy a few choice antiques. He examined Mr. Delahaye's valuable treasures, and, selecting a pair of eighteenth century cut glass goblets, with painted Watteau panels, he declared that his millionaire friend must have them at any cost.

He airily proposed to take them round to his American friend, whose identity and address he was unhappily strictly forbidden to disclose. Mr. Delahaye rather demurred. Peter next invited Mr. Delahaye to

change a £20 note—an invitation that was courteously but firmly refused.

Then Peter offered to buy the whole stock. He began to talk very big indeed. He explained how well known he was at Los Angeles, but forebore to mention that he was also well known at certain English jails. By this time Mr. Delahaye was getting thoroughly suspicious, and once more Peter changed his tactics.

Falling back in his chair, he pleaded a sudden faintness, and asked for a glass of wine. It was not forthcoming. Peter then pleaded urgently for water, and Mr. Delahaye left the room to get it for him. He came back, ministered to Peter, put him on his feet, and saw him courteously to the door.

But the despicable nature of this rascal Astor is best illustrated by an incident which took place at Brixton. During the pantomime season there a young actress had a card brought to her dressing room from Mr. Peter Astor, Film Producer, of Astor Productions. Peter himself subsequently came along, explained to the lady that she had the film face of his dreams, and offered her an engagement at £5 a week in his next production at Brighton.

After a further interview, Peter waylaid her outside the theatre, and, walking part of the way home with her, explained that he had decided to make her salary £7 10s. a week. Then he invited her to stay the night with him at a house where he had specially booked a bedroom.

The young actress indignantly refused, and went straight home and told her husband. On his very proper advice she wrote to this libidinous film "producer" and demanded a written apology. She received in reply a letter from Messrs. H. G. Campion and Co., Solicitors, of 5, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

It was a very remarkable letter.

It stated that the actress was obviously labouring under "a complete hallucination," and that "when she recovered" she would remember that all that transpired at the interview was the question of her engagement as a film actress and her qualifications. This epistle went on to say that the character of Mr. P. Astor was "above reproach," and that the letter of the lady might have been written with a purpose which could be realised. Further, it declared that Peter, if there were any more statements about him, would invoke the law to protect himself and secure damages.

The lady declined to be bullied by this formidable communication. She was not afraid of a convicted rogue, even though his solicitor described him as having a character "above reproach." Furthermore, her husband had made enquiries and found out that on the Tuesday of the incident, Mr. Astor—though living at 102, Stockwell Park Road—had booked a bedroom, for himself and wife, for that night at Hadley House, 55, Brixton Hill, S.W., that he had paid a deposit on it, but had not turned up to occupy it or to take his share of the breakfast for two which he had ordered.

She communicated this confirmatory discovery to the solicitor. They replied that her account of what transpired did not coincide with the actual facts, which out of consideration for herself, they did not propose to state. They added, however, that they were instructed not to reply to any further letters from her, a rather lame conclusion to correspondence which began with tall talk about Peter taking steps to protect himself, and to secure damages, and to prosecute proceedings with "the utmost rigour."

There for the moment we leave this film-faced, flint-faced Don Juan. We hope that he will continue his generous approval of our policy of exposing humbugs.

The Shylock Spider's Parlour

A LEARNED judge has made a practical suggestion in asking that Parliament shall pass a law which will compel all moneylenders to state in writing the rate of interest they are charging in each particular transaction with which they deal.

But even if this suggestion were carried out it would touch only a fringe of the problem. What is wanted is some system by which the fee-snatching moneylender can be prosecuted for obtaining or trying to obtain money by false pretences.

Take a case which has just come to our notice. An advertisement appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, seeking the services of an ambitious young man, with sound trade experience, who would like to start

business on his own account, but who is debarred through lack of capital. It was explained that the advertisers were a firm of merchants able to finance and organise any sound proposition on a salary and profit-sharing basis. It was added that applications, which would be treated in the strictest confidence, were invited from young men who had acted as assistants or heads of departments. The advertisement was inserted by a well-known London advertising agency.

A reader of JOHN BULL replied to this advertisement. To his amazement he received a reply, not from a firm of merchants but from a notorious moneylender's tout, who said that a friend of his at his Club had been good enough to show him our reader's letter about capital. The

proposition did not interest the friend at the Club, but it interested the moneylender's tout, who invited correspondence because, he said, "feel that the business will suit me very well."

No doubt. Our reader, however, did not share this breezy confidence of a gentleman to whom he had not written. The letter was signed "John C. Lubbock."

We think it is an amazing thing that an advertisement inserted in a paper of high reputation, by a high class advertising agency, in which a promise is made that replies will be treated in the strictest confidence should find its way into the hands of a moneylender, and thus provide him with an opportunity of finding fresh victims who might walk into his Spider Parlour.

A Tragedy of Malice

FOR years a young officer whose career has been ruined, and his reputation soiled by the malice of a supposed friend, has been fighting with the authorities an uphill battle for justice. So far he has failed. Here we throw an entirely new light on this case.

AT the Dublin City Sessions, before the Rt. Honourable the Recorder, a man named E. J. McElwee, described as an ex-Army Captain, has been convicted of having broken into a house and stolen various articles of jewellery. In sentencing him the learned Judge said that he had proved himself the associate of thieves and swindlers.

It is a sad story, this downfall of a man who once wore the King's uniform and held His Majesty's Commission and occupied a position of responsibility. He sullied his honour and disgraced his calling.

But behind it lies another story, of much greater importance, of much deeper and more tragic significance. There is a young ex-officer to-day who has been hounded out of the Army, a victim of cruel conspiracy, of persistent persecution and of the most shameful ill-treatment.

He has been branded as a madman, locked up as being dangerously insane, reported upon as unfit, and thrown out into the world broken in reputation, his career and honour stolen from him and abandoned by those who should have protected him.

This ex-officer is Lieutenant C. H. Clendining, formerly of the Royal Irish Rifles. The evidence upon which his shameful victimisation and persecution was based was largely that of a man who was his brother officer, and who had a grudge against him. That man was McElwee, whose real character has now been exposed by his conviction as a common thief.

For years Clendining has been fighting for his good name, fighting for an inquiry into his case. So far, he has failed. Now that fate has turned the scale, and dragged to light the real character of one of the men who were persecuting him, it is clear that if the Right to Justice is not to be a cruel farce, this inquiry must be held.

It is a long story, and at the moment it is not necessary to go into all its details here. In brief, this young officer, when nineteen years of age, and stationed in India, came into disfavour with some of his brother officers, including McElwee. One day when suffering from heat exhaustion, he was ordered to hospital by the senior medical officer at Cawnpore, Major Spiller.

A few hours later Clendining was amazed to be told that he was to be kept in hospital, as he was under observation for insanity!

McElwee visited him in hospital, and Clendining rebuked him for insulting conduct at a Sergeants' Dance a few days before. McElwee, who had pretended to be his friend, went away and spoke about him in a very vindictive manner.

He did not know then what he learned afterwards—that McElwee had reported that Clendining, while out for a drive with him during his convalescence, had attempted to commit suicide by jumping under a train.

McElwee had not made the report on the day the alleged incident occurred, and apparently did not think of it for a week or ten days later. Had Clendining known of the wicked charge made behind his back he could have disproved it very effectively. It was found, by subsequent enquiries, that a train had never run on the line in question since the line was built!

But the mischief had been done. The alleged madman was kept under observation, but permitted to keep his sporting gun and a revolver, and to use his own razor!

Later he was charged with having ladies in his ward after midnight. The charge failed, because the hospital records showed that he was in bed and asleep before ten o'clock!

Clendining was sent to Lucknow, to a military mental specialist. The specialist returned him to duty with a certificate that he showed no

signs of mental disability. He was then sent up country. There he went to General Glanville and told his story. The General advised him to write to the authorities, and kindly supervised the correspondence for him. Clendining returned to Cawnpore on duty, after having been passed for active service by two doctors.

He was arrested on the platform as an insane person. The evidence against him was that he suffered from delusions, as shown by his correspondence, the very correspondence which had been advised, and supervised, by General Glanville!

Clendining was again placed in hospital as insane, but they still left him his revolver, ammunition and razor, until the Chaplain went to General Cadell and protested. The general said the boy was mad; the report showed it.

Clendining was next informed that it had been decided to send him home, and the Chaplain was told that he was being sent home, but not as insane. The Chaplain was lied to, and Clendining was arrested at Bombay. He was put in a cage, under armed guard, together with a German spy. He still had a loaded revolver.

He was then placed on a hospital ship as a "dangerous lunatic." Major Dunn, Senior Medical Officer, examined him, heard his story, withdrew the guard, and gave him the run of the ship.

In all, seven independent medical officers said that Clendining showed no signs of mental instability. This was confirmed by a well-known West-End specialist.

There is the story in brief. It is incredible, but it is documented, and the most amazing document is the conviction of the fellow-officer, McElwee, who has played so sinister a part in this cruel conspiracy.

We demand a public inquiry. Can the War Office any longer dare to refuse it?

A Ballad of Silence

AUTHORS and composers who have difficulties in placing their works are invited to submit their manuscripts to the Strand Music Company (Proprietor: Frank McMillan), of 203, Strand, London, W.C.

This corporation (Proprietor: Frank McMillan) announces that it is open to accept good ballad and comedy songs, and other things of that kind, including song-poems without melodies. The latter, if good enough, it gets set to music by recognised composers.

If, therefore, you have a song which you think is going to reverberate round the world, and make, it may be, another "Tipperary," you simply send it along to this concern. They will charge you nine pounds and give you one hundred and twenty copies, plus a further royalty on the copies they sell themselves.

Further, they allow you to pay by easy monthly instalments. Quite frankly they admit that it is impossible to guarantee the success of a composition before it has been published. Therefore, they make no guarantee, except to carry out their contract in every particular, and to take advantage of any and all opportunities which may present themselves to further and advance any work.

We give them an opportunity of furthering and advancing a work called "Life's Garden," a song-poem which was written by Miss Nellie Ashurst, of 1, York Street East, Wigan.

The Strand Music Company were kind enough in their search for a song-hit to accept this song-poem as fit for publication. Miss Ashurst was naturally very pleased. It seemed as though the Strand Music Company really meant it when they said, "we give as much chance to the unknown writer as to those who have already achieved fame."

They gave this chance by charging her nine pounds, which is their ordinary procedure. She was to pay it by weekly instalments of half-a-guinea. She sent four instalments, and in due course received the weekly receipts. She sent the fifth but got no receipt. She then sent a sixth instalment, asking for a receipt both for it and its predecessor, the fifth instalment. She got neither. Not even a reply.

She wrote and told them that she would not send any more instalments until she received the missing receipts, a very proper and natural request. She has heard nothing more.

As the matter now stands, she has paid three guineas, and has not got her song, nor her receipts, and does not even get replies to her letters.

We do not know what explanation the Strand Music Company (Proprietor: Frank McMillan) have to offer. But obviously one is very much overdue.

Sight-Destroying Quacks

WE could wish for no better example of the grave and persistent menace to the public involved in the practices of sight-testing quacks than the case of John Edwards, described as an Eye Specialist, of Lambs Conduit Street, London, W.C., who was sentenced to five months' hard labour at Warwickshire Quarter Sessions. That was over a year ago. But a disastrous experience has apparently not prevented him from practising again, and some months after his release from jail a "Mr. Edwards" turned up at Ilkeston and described himself as the Paris eye-testing expert.

The advertisement which he published in the local paper incorporates a statement as to his skill which is word for word in its leading passage

identical with the advertisement used by the gentleman named John Edwards who went to jail!

It was stated in evidence in the proceedings which led to his conviction that he had told a poor woman that she would lose the sight of her left eye, and he asked thirty shillings for a pair of glasses he proposed to supply to her. She said she could not afford to pay so much, and stated that his reply was that it would pay her to sell something out of her house if she could not otherwise find the money. She paid the money: she did not get the glasses.

According to further evidence this man was taking orders to the extent of something like a thousand pounds a year, and many complaints were received by the police.

Mr. J. Parry Morton, F.B.O.A., of

Bank Chambers, Dowlais, has supplied us with a shocking example of the disastrous methods of these quacks.

A young fellow went to consult Mr. Parry Morton the other day. He was wearing a badly fitted frame, glazed with ordinary spherical lenses, supplied by a travelling "specialist" visiting the town. His right eye was blind, due to large corneal ulcers. His left eye was highly myopic, combined with astigmatism of high degree and also corneal nebulae.

The lad had previously been wearing a pair of compound lenses given him by the Senior Ophthalmic Surgeon at Cardiff Hospital. The compound glasses were condemned by the travelling specialist, who then sold the lad unsuitable glasses at a charge of two pounds!

A Cunning Old Crook

A MORE wily and hypocritical old wretch than we expose here it would be hard to find. At seventy years of age he is still exploiting the poor

THERE are so many humbugs and scoundrels collecting for charities that I am glad you have made inquiries. I wish everybody did the same. Thank you—and God bless you!

This was the reply made over the telephone to our Special Commissioner, who, without explaining his identity, had rung up the Hospital for Unmarried Expectant Mothers, Mission of Hope Society (Incorporated) at its London Offices, given on its Collections Authority Card, as 28, Bessborough Gardens, S.W.

The gentleman who uttered this pious opinion was Mr. Walter Blackburn. We thoroughly agree with him about the many scoundrels and humbugs in this business of collecting for charity, and we have no hesitation in saying that he, himself, is one of the worst humbugs and most hardened scoundrels in the ignoble army of impostors who trade upon the kindness and generosity of the public.

This wily and oily old rogue, who is now nearly seventy years of age, has lived for nearly half a century on collecting money for charities and keeping the bulk of the proceeds for himself. Of all the charities he collects for, Walter Blackburn himself is the one that is nearest to his heart.

He has been fined for irregularities in connection with charitable appeals, and on one occasion he got six months' imprisonment for a similar offence. His assistant, Ellen Currie, was fined last year at Westminster Police Court in connection with her actions in collecting money for the Gospel Mission of the Adult Blind.

In spite of this shocking record, which ought to prevent all respectable people and all respectable institutions from having anything to do with him, Blackburn seems to

have no difficulty in fastening himself upon public charities and persuading their authorities to allow him to organise collections for them.

He is the moving spirit behind the Westminster Charity Committee which he runs from 28, Bessborough Gardens, Victoria, S.W. A month ago we exposed the fact that this high-sounding committee was really an alias of this canting and greedy old mendicant.

A few days after our article appeared the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, General Sir William Horwood, issued a general warning from Scotland Yard to the public advising them not to give money to persons employed by a body calling itself the Westminster Charity Committee of Bessborough Gardens, S.W.

We are obliged to Sir William Horwood for his compliment to this journal, but our chief concern is to let the public know how Blackburn is acting as a consequence of our revelations.

He is behind the collections now being made for the Mission of Hope, through a collections committee whose address is given as 28, Bessborough Gardens. The Chairman of this Committee is set forth as Clarence Peel Wilson, Esquire; the Treasurer as W. H. Adamson, Esquire; and the Organising Secretary as Lt.-Colonel Barrat.

Amongst the Vice-Presidents are His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, Sir William Fry, D.L., and Sir Washington Ranger, M.A., D.C.L.

Australia is far away. But the Archbishop has surely somebody in this country who could make enquiries for him and advise him as to the retention of his name on the prospectus of a charity which places collections in the hands of a charity committee which has been publicly denounced?

Sir William Fry lives in Dublin, where he is highly esteemed. Sir

Washington Ranger is an honoured and lifelong worker in the cause of the blind. What have they to say to this Blackburn business?

The other day a lady replying to an advertisement for collectors went to 1, Adelaide Street, Strand, which is a new office from which collections are being organised by Lt.-Colonel Barrat for the Mission of Hope.

The lady was given a collection's authority card for this charity. It was signed by E. Currie—described as the almoner—and countersigned by H. Richmond, clerk.

Mrs. E. Currie is the lady to whom we have already referred as having been convicted and fined at Westminster Police Court for an offence while acting as an assistant to the notorious Blackburn. Miss Richmond has for years been in the service of Blackburn.

The terms offered to this lady to collect, after a preliminary trial, were £3 a week, all expenses to be paid, and a commission on all monies collected.

Lt.-Col. Barrat must be a very busy person. Not only does he interest himself in the work at 28, Bessborough Gardens, the address of the Westminster Charity Committee, which has been denounced by the police, and of which he is organising secretary, but he also runs the new office at Adelaide Street, Strand, and has an office at 25, Battersea Park Road, S.W., where he collects for the Battersea Poor Children's Centre. This is an old Blackburn charity and Blackburn still keeps in it an eager interest. Its telephone number, by a strange coincidence, is the same telephone number—Victoria 8494—as 28, Bessborough Gardens, the home of the unmitigated Blackburn! In these circumstances, we earnestly advise the public to refrain from giving any money in response to appeals coming from any, or all, of these people.

Foul Tempter of Youth

THE Germans, who lost the war, hope to win the peace by what they call a policy of peaceful penetration. We regard their ambition in this respect without enthusiasm. But there is one form of "peaceful penetration" which the authorities of this country must wake up to at once and deal with drastically.

We refer to the growing traffic in indecent literature and obscene photographs with which this country is now being flooded. The most notorious offender is a Hun called Paul M. Robenstock who lives in Leipzig.

This filthy-minded rascal is pestering shop-keepers all over England with impudent offers to supply them with photographs of a coarse and disgusting kind. He describes them as representing "human nature (Salon de Paris—'hot stuff')." He tells the people to whom he offers them that a large and profitable trade can be done with them, especially at seaside resorts.

It would be bad enough if this gross and dirty Hun confined himself to offering his salacious wares to adult shop-keepers.

But Robenstock's insolent effrontery knows no bounds. He is actually sending to boys at school invitations to buy his loathsome indecencies.

This is a gross scandal. Surely public opinion will not tolerate the debauching of our youth by a cynical and greedy and nasty-minded Hun.

Sir Charles Oman, K.C.B., M.P., has seen some of these productions which have been sent to constituents of his at Oxford. He refers to them as so gross as to be indescribable. He has asked the Postmaster-General to do what he can to stop this dreadful invasion of unmentionable and utterly immoralising filth.

But the post is not the only channel of corruption. There is a low-class Eurasian who is busy at present hawking indecent postcards around the night clubs of the West End. Some of these things are so indecent that they would shock the modesty of a Port Said oyster. They are eagerly purchased by filthy women, who use them as part of their shocking trade, and by moral perverts, who find an unnatural pleasure in showing them to the young and innocent.

There is a shop just off Chancery Cross Road which does a thriving trade in these appalling French publications. Many of them are written by a once-distinguished Frenchman of letters who has fallen into the lowest depths of dope and degeneracy and who degrades his genius in producing filthy stories and poems.

The police have many tasks to perform. Can any be more important than to save our youth from corruption at the dirty hands of the wretched alien parasites who would build their fortunes on the debasement of our race?

The Gambling Clergy

OPTION dealing in stocks and shares is a game which sounds easy to the unsophisticated. It is therefore exploited by numerous outside brokers, who use it as a lure to the many ignorant people who are led to think that they can convert a few pounds into thousands by speculating.

Option dealing is a complicated and intricate form of business, requiring constant attention, astuteness and mathematical ingenuity.

It is not our purpose here to explain any system of option dealing, but we receive so many inquiries relating to circulars from outside brokers who recommend "operations" in stocks and shares "on margin" and so forth that we think it worth while to point out that "options" of this character are not really options at all. They are simply bets, and foolish bets at that.

No doubt most of our readers have

at one time or another received a circular from some concern with a high-sounding title and impressive stationery recommending the purchase of a thirty days' or three months' option in this, that or the other security, promising handsome profits at the risk of an infinitesimal outlay. And many of them are inclined to think that here is a pathway opened to them by which they may speedily attain to fortune.

As a matter of fact, they are going in for a gamble that is far more vicious than backing horses—if that be a vice.

The point is that the bucket-shop keeper always claims that he has information that such and such a security is about to enjoy a phenomenal advance in price, and endeavours to sell you a call option for a certain period on so many shares. You send him your money—a margin so inadequate that it is probably

exhausted by the time you have parted with it—and that is the end of the transaction, unless the "broker" can induce you to put up further "cover." On the other hand, the deal may, by a fluke, result in your favour. If the bucketeer thinks he has found a profitable "mug" you may receive a cheque, designed to lure you on to fresh adventure. But eventually, if substantial sums accrue to you, your letters demanding payment will be returned marked "gone away."

These "operations" are seldom or never opened in a regular way. The bucket-shop merchant simply bets against his client, with the odds heavily in his favour.

He also gives the tips. Where, on the racecourse, will you find the public asking the advice of the bookmaker as to which horse to back? The three-card trick is sportsmanlike in comparison with bucket-shopping.

BLIND ALLEY BOYS

And Blind Alley Men

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

TOM HOOD told us that he found little joy in the fact that as a man he felt himself to be "further off from heaven than when he was a boy."

One supposes that the boys of London are as fine a body of boys as you could wish to encounter in a day's march. Yet to judge from a report of the Second World Conference of Y.M.C.A. workers for their welfare, it seems pretty clear that the condition of the male juvenile labourers in the metropolitan vineyard is far from heavenly.

Not that the Second World Conference of Y.M.C.A. workers complains like Dr. Watts "how rude are the boys who throw pebbles and mire" or anything of that sort. The S.W.C.'s report is concerned with juvenile occupations rather than juvenile manners, and it brings to light the apparently jolting circumstance that nearly half the working boys of London are the proud possessors of what somebody has dubbed "blind-alley jobs."

A BLIND-ALLEY job may be roughly defined as a job that leads to nowhere—a job with nothing in the way of "future prospects" to it, saving, indeed, the prospect of an ultimate drifting into the ranks of unskilled labour or chronic unemployment.

If you have a boy engaged in "the distributing trades," in "low-grade factory work," "packing or box-making," lathering at a barber's shop, machine minding, licking stamps in a small office, or wearing buttons in a hotel, the chances are that he is a blind-alleyite.

When he grows out of boyhood into young manhood and wants a man's wages the blank wall at the end of the blind-alley will hit him in the face as it were. His employer will inform him that it is economically impossible to pay men's wages for boys' services; said employer will regretfully have to look round the corner for another "boy"—there are hundreds waiting—and said blind-alleyite will have to look round London for an employer who happens to be a philanthropist.

And if we are to believe the Second World Conference of the Y.M.C.A. nearly half the promising lads of London are sealed to such a fate!

FOR myself I am not keen on believing it. Short of apprenticing him to a cigarette-end gatherer, I don't care to what business you put an intelligent boy provided he has intelligence and the will to improve himself. Blind-alleyism is not for him, no matter what his job may look like. Corks will swim, and you can't hold intelligence and ambition down for long.

I notice that the pundits are bubbling over with profound advice on this subject. "Don't let your boy take a blind-alley job," they say; "give him a training and let him 'qualify' for a man's job"—which is sound gospel as far as it goes.

But the advocates of training—otherwise apprenticeship to a definite industry—forget two things: (a) It is not everybody who can afford to apprentice a boy to the trade he might wish to follow; and (b), while training or apprenticeship may secure him a living wage when he attains manhood, that is absolutely all they are capable of doing. And hundreds of thousands of skilled workers in this country to-day are really nothing more than "blind-alley" men, inasmuch as their earning powers are limited by trade union rates of wages, and they have no more chance of getting over their own particular trade-union wall than a kerbstone has of jumping St. Paul's Cathedral.

WHAT is the good of training, bringing up, nailing down or otherwise egging-on a boy to be a £5, £6 or £7-a-week man all his life? I am not disparaging trained labour, mind you, and I admit that it is a very useful thing to have a trade at one's finger-ends.

But if you look closely into the progress of the world you will find that most of it has been achieved by "boys" who began at the bottom—where there is always plenty of room—and that the golden keys to success are hard work and self-education.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

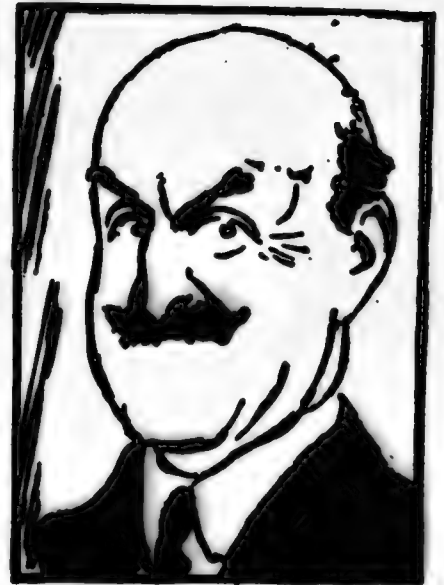
Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE Minister of Labour has one of the most difficult jobs in the country. Practically, his real job is to be pleasant to everybody, friend or foe, and his success is entirely dependent upon tact. Knowledge of social conditions is important, but a taking manner is more important still. The post must therefore be filled by a good actor.

Sir Montague Barlow is an excellent actor, one of the finest character-impersonators in the House. He can play a dozen dissimilar parts in as many hours, and each audience is left with a totally different impression of him. His versatility is quite remarkable. I have heard him praised for a hundred contradictory qualities. This man will admire his virtuous indignation. That man will speak highly of his humorous comprehension. Another will revel in his high spirits. A fourth will find pleasure in his restraint. A fifth will laud his secretiveness. A sixth will delight in his expansiveness. And so on.

VERY few people indeed leave his presence without having something favourable to report, and in nearly every case the quality so praised is the one most admired by the person who praises it. Which simply means that Sir Montague is a student of



Sir Montague Barlow

human nature and, having summed up his man, is careful to act the right part.

In this way the Minister of Labour has achieved a reputation for exceptional charm. His eager smile is as perfectly timed as his thoughtful frown. He is not easily upset, and his displeasure is never allowed to show itself outside his immediate circle of friends.

It will now be understood that a sketch of his true nature is well-nigh impossible. Having said that he is a far better actor than most of our stage "stars," there is very little to add. Not being one of his personal friends, I know no more about him than what he has chosen to reveal to me—and as many more people as you care to mention. He is a sphinx who has succeeded in keeping his secret through all the turmoil and interrogation of Parliamentary life—no mean achievement.

BEYOND the fact that I once heard him say "damn!" in an unguarded moment, I cannot lay claim to a knowledge that is denied to ninety-nine out of every hundred of his fellow members in the Commons. None the less it seems to me that he is pretty well suited to his position. If there is an easy way out of a Labour deadlock, he will find it better than most.

He can ladle out sympathy by the bushel, quote statistics in the manner of one who knows that there is nothing to be said on the other side, make other folk put all their cards on the table without exposing his own, and eventually get what he wants by graciously conceding a host of things that no one else wants.

OF course, his method has its drawbacks. In the first place, one can't be quite sure whether he has a single conviction. In the second place, he can hardly be made to give a plain answer to a plain question. And finally, in his anxiety to settle a Labour dispute, he might conceivably unsettle the universe!

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND



'Are many mous our training men—
—If faddists have their will—
Will don their quaint old pre-war paint
And all be "dressed to kill."



It's useless quite when armies fight
Refusing to be led.
For bodies must by Nature trust
For guidance to "the head."



'They've caught out this boxing
—but
And now we understand
The die is cast and Joe at last
Had has to "show his hand."



The torch of Liberty she held
Is torn from Freedom's daughter;
Another "brand" is in her hand
—It's labelled "soda-water."

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER.—The only business at the last Bury St. Edmunds Quarter Sessions was the trial of a man charged with stealing wood value two shillings. The evidence against him was conflicting, and the jury disagreed. The abortive trial cost the country hundreds of pounds. Twenty grand jurymen were called, forty common jurors, more than twenty court officials and police officers as well as barristers, solicitors and their clerks. This is an obvious waste of public time and money, and the law which cannot deal otherwise with a two-shilling charge is obviously an ass. What a chance for a sensible man like you to put this matter on a business footing.

JOHN BULL.

To T. EARLE FOWLE, Esq., Charlton Manor, Wilts.

SIR.—Your comments upon the alleged immorality of Wiltshire girls have made a big stir, but there is something delightfully vague about your cry for "remedial measures." I don't suppose Wiltshire villages are any better or any worse than villages elsewhere, but if you and other landed proprietors want to improve matters, what you've got to do is to encourage and cultivate a higher social sense, and see that your people have plenty of amusement.

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM P. BOWYER, Esq., Senior Official Receiver in Bankruptcy, Carey Street, W.C.

SIR.—In the wool textile trade of Yorkshire no less than £2,000,000 has been lost to traders by fraudulent bankruptcies. These figures are only symbolic of what is going on in other trades, and they go to show that bankruptcy proceedings are conducted with a looseness that handicaps the honest man and helps the rogue. Far more care is required in preliminary investigations, and the judge presiding over examinations is far too shy about using his power to order prosecutions. The system wants bracing up.

JOHN BULL.

To SIR WILLIAM HORWOOD, Commissioner of Police, Scotland Yard.

SIR.—For nearly half an hour, in the busiest part of the day, a man, shockingly injured in a motor accident, lay dead and disfigured in the roadway of the Strand. Within three minutes of the fatal accident the ambulance was telephoned for: it did not come for nearly half an hour. This within a few minutes of three great hospitals. It did not matter to the poor fellow who was killed. That is not the question. The ambulance means succour for the injured, where help delayed may be too late. Efficiency in such matters is very desirable.

JOHN BULL.

Judge Sir THOMAS GRANGER, Southwark County Court.

YOUR HONOUR.—The politicians who promised us a land fit for heroes ought to be compelled to spend an occasional day in your court. What would they have said to the wife of a discharged soldier, now unemployed, who had been three times sent to prison for non-payment of rates? I daresay they would have offered him a few more fragrant flowers of rhetoric. You took a very practical course, and saved this wretched out-of-work from another spell of prison by paying the quarter's rates now due from the poor-box. And while the ratepayers and taxpayers groan under the burden at home their money is still being squandered in Mesopotamia and Palestine. The thing is monstrous.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. R. C. GILLIE, Chairman of the United Council for Sunday Protection.

SIR.—The fervid opposition which you and your kind have so strenuously put up against Sunday games is based upon your settled and no doubt sincere conviction that Sunday should be a day of profound gloom. This theory you have tried hard to force down the throats of the thousands who think differently. Well, you have got your answer. By an overwhelming majority the London County Council have decided that Sunday games are to continue. But there's no compulsion about it as there would be if you had your way. You are still at liberty to spend your Sunday as you like. Be thankful for it and leave other people alone.

JOHN BULL.

To Dr. MARY SCHARLIEB, 149, Harley Street.

DEAR MADAM.—Your statement at the Albert Hall that divorce is impossible to the practising Christian, a wrong to the children, the murder of Christian love and joy, and the ruin of the home, would have caused a panic amongst many people if you had been a doctor of divinity instead of only medicine. To say that a woman who divorces an adulterous brute of a husband cannot be a Christian is going much farther than some of our bishops who have supported divorce reform. Happily we do not take our theology from Harley Street. Try to remember that it is good sense as well as good Christianity to be temperate in all things.

JOHN BULL.

To the LORD CHANCELLOR, House of Lords.

SIR.—You are the Keeper of the King's Conscience, and the protector of his lieges. I suggest to you to look into the case at Liverpool where a baker was fined forty shillings for selling a three-pound loaf. The Corporation contended that the law says loaves must be of one pound, or an even number of pounds. Three is an odd, not an even number, and the fatuous Bench therefore found a three-pound loaf a criminal offence. Such pettiness only makes the law look foolish. If you cannot remit the fine, try to give us more intelligent magistrates.

JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN of the Baths Committee, Blackburn.

SIR.—The restrictions your Committee have imposed upon the town's mixed bathing facilities would be ridiculous if they were not so infernally insulting. Male bathers must be accompanied by one or more bathers of the opposite sex, but female bathers may go in alone; females must wear costumes of approved patterns, but they must not be light in colour! One blushes for the prurient, muddy minds that conceived such regulations, and if I am not mistaken, Blackburn will soon show that it is not standing this particular form of bossiness and beastliness.

JOHN BULL.

MARS STILL IN BUSINESS!



P. ACE: "This is a picture that should be bought for the (League of) Nation(s)."

"France increased her air force in answer to the British proposal. Unless the League of Nations can effectively check this unarmy, armed on this invitation recur."—JOHN BULL, July 14.

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

THE safety of the people is the supreme law. No one therefore can blame the Government for its resolve that this country shall be made strong enough in the air to hold her own against the greatest air power within striking distance.

The Menace of Armaments

If we are willing to take the risk of doing no more than this, it is certain that we dare not do less. In the light of history, and in view of the actualities of the present world position, nothing is more clear than that the nation will perish which allows to slip from its nerveless hands the power to protect itself.

But when that doctrine is enunciated, a difficulty immediately emerges. If the potential rival in the air chooses to embark upon a grandiose and extravagant programme, we have lost the initiative, and would seem to have no option but to follow. That might lead us back into the old vicious circle, the piling up of vast armaments, which makes war almost inevitable. This difficulty must be solved.

Happily it is not pressing. Our greatest potential rival in the air to-day, the great Power within the shortest striking distance of us, is France. And France is our ally, in an entente sealed in blood on the stricken—and victorious—field. We differ from her at present with regard to German reparations, a difference of methods, not of aims. It is the business of our statesmen and diplomatists to limit that difference, and to make our unity of aims a mutual safeguard and permanent bond between two great peoples. With patience and goodwill, it should not be a task beyond their power. It carries, in its successful performance, not only relief from the crushing burden of competitive armaments, but also the peace of Europe and the salvation of mankind.

CRITICISM of the working of the bankruptcy laws has never been wanting, but it has never been so earnest and persistent as at present. The criticism is justified. The object of the bankruptcy laws is at once to help the debtor and to protect the public. The complaint is that they do neither effectively.

Bankruptcy Flaws

The provision that an undischarged bankrupt must not obtain credit above ten pounds without disclosure of his position aims at protecting the public. It often results in preventing the small trader, who may have fallen on misfortune, from ever getting on his feet again. Certainly he is handicapped in one way as compared with a released convict, who can get credit up to any amount without any obligation to reveal his past. The giving of credit is an essential part of our commercial system, but the man who gives it ought not to neglect to protect himself, any more than he does in other transactions.

But it is in the protection of the public that the bankruptcy laws most obviously fail, because they offer no effective safeguard against the type who deliberately set out to obtain as much credit as they can, with the determination to go bankrupt. A group of aliens recently came to this

country with a few pounds. They obtained goods on credit worth fifteen thousand pounds, sold them, paid each other enormous salaries, and then went bankrupt. After that they went abroad, cheerfully carrying with them the status of undischarged bankrupts to a country where it did not in the least degree matter.

In most cases criminal proceedings are useless, the mere throwing of good money after bad. What is urgently needed is the provision of better facilities for the honest trader seeking his discharge and giving evidence of good faith and good character, and, on the other hand, stricter powers for dealing with the fraudulent obtainer of credit.

Freedom in business is a vital and precious principle. It is nobody's interest that it should degenerate into license.

There is another grave abuse of the bankruptcy laws—the abuse made of them by shady legal practitioners who specialise in collecting debts for money-lenders. These people aid the Shylocks in extorting as large an amount of costs as can be obtained within the law. Once a petition is on the file these harpies spare no steps to run up the charges. The other day a debtor who had paid exorbitant interest on a loan of £175 had to pay well over £100 in costs to avoid bankruptcy. The legal system which permits this fleeces the debtor it should protect.

SIR ERIC GEDDES laid his axe to the root of the tree of prejudice when he publicly urged that insanity should be regarded as a misfortune, not as a disgrace. He wants the word "lunatic asylum" eliminated from our vocabulary and "mental hospital" substituted. It may seem to some people a small point, a variant of the old theme, "What's in a name?" In reality it goes to the heart of the matter. In old unhappy far-off days the lunatic was treated almost on the analogy of the prisoner, as someone who had offended against the social system and must pay the penalty.

Insanity No Disgrace

We have travelled far from that stage. In the near future it may be realised that a large proportion of our insane are suffering from diseases of pathogenic origin, septic or toxic, that may be found susceptible of cure.

In the meantime, we need not wait for the march of science to set about the task of reforming our whole system of dealing with the insane. It reeks with hopeless inefficiency and callous cruelty.

We have exposed in our columns time after time revolting tales of ineptitude, neglect, and worse, in the management of our asylums. The poor people who are caught up in the system are powerless, unless the strong and resistless voice of public opinion is enlisted on their behalf.

We plead for the sufferers that they should be given a chance. They cannot be cured of diseased minds and tortured nerves by herding them together in places of nameless horror. That is the old and evil legacy of the past.

The aim should be not relentlessly to lock these people away from warm human society, but to pave their way back to it, where return is possible.

A DISGRACEFUL display of official cynicism on the part of the Scottish Board of Health has been obscured in the whirligig of current politics. It is nothing less than

Child Murder

infant murder to stop the supply of milk in Scotland, formerly sanctioned under the child welfare schemes, and to shut the doors of the public hospitals against children suffering from measles and whooping-cough—diseases that kill hundreds of children in this country every year. This slaughter of the innocents is more horrible and awful than the slaughter of the innocents by King Herod.

Captain Elliot's justification of the withdrawal of the child welfare grant is amazingly cynical. Probably he only read the statement supplied to him by the Scottish Board of Health. He ought to have known better, for he is a doctor. "It was to be noted," he said, "that in the first quarter of 1922 (before the withdrawal of the grant) the death rate was 141, while this year (after the withdrawal of this grant) the rate for the corresponding quarter was 96." Of course it was!

January, February and March, 1922, were severe winter months and infectious and other diseases were rampant. January, February and March, 1923, were the mildest winter months (the cold snap came later) for a generation; serious infectious disease was hardly known (the *Times* has pointed out that all the usual epidemics were "missed"); and the doctors throughout Britain were notoriously never so slack during the winter.

To the parliamentary mind figures never lie. But every Government department clerk knows that statistics can prove anything—hence this impudent pabulum served up to the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of Health for Scotland.

MARRIAGE, long cynically declared to be a lottery, may also in certain circumstances become a handicap. If, for example, an Englishwoman marries an American, she loses her British nationality according to British law. She does not acquire American nationality unless she goes to reside in the United

Mixed Marriages

States for at least a year. She therefore has, for a time at least, no nationality at all.

Lord Russell of Killowen used to say that the penalty for bigamy was having two mothers-in-law. The social penalty for a mixed marriage is perhaps not so formidable, but that there should be any is a strange commentary on the amenities, and the difficulties, of international jurisprudence.

Perhaps it does not matter very much, unless the Englishwoman who marries an American wishes to enter Parliament during her twelve months' probationary waiting, or unless she is so unfortunate as to get into trouble abroad and need the protection of a paternal government. She must therefore walk warily and eschew Parliamentary ambition. The man who had no shadow played a great part in fiction. Shall we have a novel on the woman without nationality?



The Duke of
Devonshire,
Secretary of
State for
the Colonies.

The Man Underneath

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

THE "problem of the Man Underneath" is one which politicians are only too anxious to dismiss from their minds. But they must not be allowed to shirk the issue. The man who is "down," whatever the reason, is deserving of sympathy and help. Moreover, the welfare of the whole nation depends upon his fair treatment.

VICTOR HUGO compared the human soul to a beautiful tree-shaded pool revealing at one and the same moment two very different things.

First we see there the glowing clouds which float in the pure azure of heaven; and, second, the shape of vague creatures moving silently in a half-darkness over the stagnant slime of the ooze below.

This same simile serves well enough for society. Just as each man, however honourable and even saint-like, knows that in the mud of his heart there is a never-sleeping capacity for crime and wickedness inherited from humanity's savage past, so in society, however prosperous, and civilised there are people who fail to rise, who are condemned by their very nature to remain in shadow, and who derive no advantage of any kind from the general progress of mankind.

FIFTY years ago there was a feeling of religious responsibility for a man of this nature. Night schools were built for his enlightenment. Philanthropists sought him out in his miserable lair. He was waylaid by the temperance reformer and the distributor of tracts. Public schools subscribed to build mission churches for his redemption. Novelists made him the pathetic hero of evangelical stories. Publicists of various kinds presented him in appalling statistics to Parliament and the Press. The Salvation Army unfurled its flag to save him from destruction.

Failure to change him by these means has led to reaction. Serious writers refer to him now as the inefficient or the incompetent parasite of industry. He is presented to us as a member of that vast army of the Unfit which preys upon the vitality of the nation and drains it of healthy strength. He should never have been born. He would be better dead. If he is ever brought before us now as an object worthy of a passing charity, it is not as a man, but as "the bottom-dog."

WE cultivate, I am sure, a dangerous spirit when we speak of a child, however kindly or indulgent our affection, as a "kid," and of any man, however kindly our real intention, as a "dog." It is not for us to patronise either child or man. In each there is that which should command our reverence. A man, however low he may have fallen, still reflects a glory not to be found in any beast.

A new attitude is necessary on the part of all those who are prosperous and protected towards this unhappy man for whom civilisation has no gift and life itself no blessing. It is perfectly true that he is inefficient, perfectly true that he is a parasite of industry, perfectly true that he is gradually coming to regulate the pace at which the machine of our commerce is allowed to work by the trade-unions; but since no Parliament will ever vote for his painless extinction, and since he

tends to multiply his numbers enormously, is it not wiser for us, before he wrecks our British civilisation altogether, to see whether we have exhausted every means for converting him into a good citizen?

I suggest that we should think of him, not as a bottom-dog, and not as a soul perishing for our particular brand of theology, but simply as a man who is sick, a man who has need of a physician, and a man whose cure depends absolutely upon strict obedience to the laws of health.

NOTHING will persuade me that he is a revolutionist: his apathy, indeed, is the despair of the Communist agitator. And nothing will persuade me that he is a bad fellow at heart: his wife can tell you of many good qualities in his nature not always discernible in those who speak of him with contempt. No: he is suffering from an illness which would slay most of us in a few months, and which does eventually drive many prosperous people to suicide: he is the victim of hopelessness.

What does life offer to him? It is a struggle to get any work that he can perform: and when he does get such work it is only for an unstated period: and when he is at such precarious work the wages are miserably low; in the meantime, there is his wife at home starving to make two ends meet for their children, and the children themselves suffering from this illness and that, getting into trouble at school, filling the house with a clamour that does not make for cheerfulness, confronting him for ever with dirty, pinched faces, ragged clothes, and the eternal question, What is to become of them?

Surely there is only one way out of this difficulty. Here is a man who needs our help, just as the sandy

wastes of India need our engineers to irrigate them or the natives of Uganda need our devoted missionaries to civilise them. It is not for us to judge or to ignore this man, but to help him with all our might and with all our main. As things stand his heart is filled with hopelessness, his whole nature is twisted awry by despair. If he is to be saved, the conditions of his life must be changed. He must be taken out of his prison and put in a place where the sun can reach him.

Have we done all we might have done to convince this man of the wisdom of emigration, and have we even yet begun to organise emigration, as we organised the whole Empire for the war? Have we done all we ought to do as neighbours for his struggling wife and his suffering children? Have we done all we could do in the matter of breaking up slums and building better houses? Have we done anything at all to convince this man that we understand his sorrow, that we want to share his burden, that we know the way out from the great darkness which shuts him in on every side?

FOR many years to come there will always be a vast multitude of dull, sad, heavy, and almost helpless people hanging on to the skirts of progress. The sooner we realise that it is our bounden duty to help these people, exactly as we should help any man who met our gaze in acute sorrow or terrible distress, not consulting the laws of political economy, but only our natural and instinctive pity, the sooner we shall rid British civilisation of a shame which is also a danger.

What divides class from class is not money, but want of sympathy. The whole body of our British humanity is sick solely for need of genuine human kindness.

Low wages are bad enough, but uncertain wages are the very devil!

A FEW weeks ago I ventured to argue that strikes and lock-outs are obsolete, that they never benefit anybody, and that they are in every case as mad as the maddest of suicides. This sweeping proposition may be and was questioned by some Trade Unionists; but when such a leader as Mr. Ernest Bevin, "the dockers' K.C.," condemns and repudiates a strike by his own constituents, the sheer imbecility of that particular eruption assuredly needs no further argument.

Mr. Bevin sternly condemned the dockers' futile revolt against the bargain made in their name by their elected officials, because he knows, as every reasonable advocate of Trade Unionism knows, that on the strict fulfilment of agreements depends the whole power and the very life of working-class organisation.

But while Mr. Bevin stands to the bargain which he made for his men, as being the best he could secure at the time, it is to be noted that he himself is not satisfied with it. He still claims that the dockers ought to have "a guaranteed week," and that "the horrible, bestial conditions of casual labour" should be abolished. He fought for these

The Casual

aims before a committee over which Mr. Justice Roche presided in 1919, and in the following year induced Lord Shaw's Court of Inquiry to declare that "labour frequently or constantly under-employed is injurious to the interest of the workers, the ports, and the public, and that it is discreditable to Society. It is only among those who have sunk very far, and whom the system may have demoralised, that it can be accepted as a working substitute for steady and assured employment. It has evolved habits of mind and body on the part of the workmen themselves which are detrimental to them and on a wide scale deeply injurious."

There is the explanation of the dockers' indiscipline and of their mad strike against their own champions. The men who have sunk to the "horrible condition" of casual labour are not quite as nice in their methods as young gentlemen from the University.

In the old days men used to fight like wild beasts outside the Portsmouth dock gates for the chance of a half-day's work. Conditions now are not quite so terrible, but employment is still spasmodically irregular and appallingly precarious.

The wage is 10s. a day, and a man is exceedingly

A Terrific Tragedy

by A. G. GARDINER

THE stern truth about France and the Ruhr is what Mr. Gardiner sets out to tell in this article. It is one of the most powerful indictments of the menace of militarism ever penned. There is no beating about the bush, no shirking the issue—simply the scathing pronouncement of one who is highly qualified to judge.



Viscount
Grey
of
Fallodon.

THIS country, and indeed the whole world, is under a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Baldwin. He has stated our position firmly and moderately. For five weeks he tried to bring M. Poincaré to a reasonable attitude. He submitted a series of questions to him in order to ascertain what his real aim is in the Ruhr. M. Poincaré declined to answer on paper. Instead, he went to the Senate and made it clear that he would not look at the German proposals and that he was in the Ruhr for ever.

Defeated in his efforts to bring M. Poincaré to reason privately, Mr. Baldwin has now declared our attitude in public. He has done so with infinite tact and patience. He still leaves the door open to M. Poincaré. But he makes it clear that we have reached the end of our tether. If M. Poincaré is bent on bringing Europe to ruin, then England will take her own line. Mr. Baldwin speaks for the country as a whole.

If M. Poincaré, misled by the wild men who write in the *Daily Mail* and the *Morning Post*, doubts this, I beg him to observe that Mr. Baldwin consulted the heads of all parties before making his statement. Let him understand that no matter who is in office in this country, Conservative, Liberal or Labour, he will be compelled to speak and act as Mr. Baldwin has done. It is our existence that is at stake. For it is not only Germany that is being bled white in the Ruhr. It is this country. The whole world is being bled white in the Ruhr.

THE tragedy is that this terrific fact has not been faced before. We have known for four years that the Poincaré policy was deadly to us. We pretended not to know

what it was. We went on hoping against hope that if we were patient Poincarism would die. It was a fatal mistake. Our timidity has made it flourish. It is the only thing that is flourishing on the desolated stage of Europe. It overshadows the sky with a menace more formidable than any since Napoleon trampled the Continent under his feet.

What is the issue between us? It is not reparations. M. Poincaré is not in the Ruhr for reparations. He has killed reparations in the Ruhr and he knew he would kill them. The issue is whether peace is to be restored to Europe or whether Europe is to be kept in a blaze until its civilisation is a heap of ashes. It is a life-and-death issue to us. If Europe perishes, we perish. There are a million unemployed in this country to-day. It is estimated that there will be two million next winter. *They are the price we pay for the Poincaré policy.*

THE aim of that policy is known to everybody except the aforesaid wild men of the *Daily Mail* and the *Morning Post* and their gulled and gullible readers. It has two sides, an economic side and a political side. It is to break up Central Europe into bits, to Balkanise the Continent from the Baltic to the Black Sea, to disarm it here and arm to the teeth there, to set up great military blockhouses under French control in Poland, Roumania and Yugoslavia, and so to rule Europe from Paris.

Coupled with this politics-military motive is the economic motive. It is to get the monopoly of the coal and iron of Europe. As an eminent French propagandist explained in Washington, there are to be only two supreme coal and iron Powers in the world—France and America.

Labour Scandal

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

lucky to get four days' work in a week. Shipping vagaries of storms and casualties may make a week's delay in the arrival of a ship to whose unloading he has practically booked himself; and though he may have a chance of snatching two days' work on a ship belonging to another company, he fears to take it lest he should lose his preferential claim on the line to which he has by faithful service attached himself. If he goes to the other ship, he may find his established position with his regular line given to another man, and, therefore, he prefers to stand idle.

Then again there may be urgent need for a hundred men in another dock, but he dare not loosen his grip on that where he has established a vested interest of good work.

Of course "it is a convenience," as Lord Shaw said, "to have a reservoir of unemployment which can readily be tapped as the need emerges." But is it right that men should starve while the reservoir stagnates and rots them? Or that the community should be charged with the cost of paying doles to the—metaphorical—rotters?

Lord Shaw's report declared that "the time has gone past for assessing the value of human labour

at the poverty line," and for "this callous reckoning" of men as "the spare parts of an industrial machine." But still it continues to be done, in spite of Lord Shaw's verdict. Low wages are bad enough, but irregularity of wages, uncertainty of any wages at all—that is the devil.

The problem is tremendously complicated and difficult. Mr. Bevin claims that registration of the dockers and the assurance of a minimum wage would solve it. The employers' objection is that his "remedy" would encourage loafing amongst the men, and handicap British shippers and British ports in competition with foreigners. As to the latter objection, it is being gradually worn down as regards the Northern countries by the international efforts of the League of Nations' Labour Bureau to equalise conditions.

But Mr. Bevin appears to have convinced Lord Shaw that the problem is not insoluble, and that "this question of casualisation" is "one without a settlement of which the prospect of peace at the docks, or amelioration, or of contentment is hopeless."

As this prophecy has so truly fructified, hadn't we better try to find out what can be done?

This is not a dream: it is actually accomplished. France directly, or through its agent Poland, already controls practically the whole coal resources of Germany. Before the war that country produced 190 million tons of coal a year. Of this 140 millions came from the Ruhr, the rest from the Saar and Upper Silesia. The Saar is in French hands, the Ruhr is in French hands, half the Silesian field has been handed over to France's understudy Poland. What does M. Poincaré care about reparations when he has the vision of annexing the whole resources of Central Europe and administering them from Paris?

Now, it has been obvious to all but the brainless fanatics who write for our boulevard Press that this is a policy we are bound to break with, for it would kill us stone dead. The peace and prosperity of the Continent are the breath of our nostrils. If the Continent cannot buy we cannot sell. Why is Brazil, with whom we have done a vast business, rushing into bankruptcy? Because she cannot sell her coffee to Germany. So with India. So with every part of the globe. The whole texture of our trade is torn to ribbons. I repeat, it is we as well as Germany that are perishing in the Ruhr.

AND what is the result of the military hegemony that France is setting up in Europe? It means a state of war for generations. It has already made London more vulnerable than it has ever been in history. We have started a new competition in armaments. We are building aeroplanes to protect ourselves against the overwhelming power of France in the air, and even Lord Grey, to whom France owes more than to any man, finds himself bound to justify it. If we cannot have peace, he says, we must all perish.

I do not write this to create feeling against France. I write it because it is true, and because the worst service we can do to France and to ourselves is to refuse to face it and state it. I appeal to France above the head of the man who is leading it as well as Europe to disaster. I appeal to all that is sane and just in that great country to listen to the grave and weighty words of the British Prime Minister. I appeal to it in the name of the two million men of our two nations who died to bring peace, not to desecrate their memory by plunging Europe again into war.

AND I appeal to America to add its powerful voice to the word that Mr. Baldwin has spoken. It helped to save Europe from one disaster. Let it help to save it from an even greater disaster. Let it speak now, for the sands are running out fast. The world is on the brink of terrible things. To-day we may save it. To-morrow it may be too late.

The Imitation Woman

BEHIND the conviction of a young soldier of the Royal Air Force, who is now in prison for two years for masquerading as a woman, lies a story which reveals a great menace to the welfare of the community. That learned judge, Mr. Justice Darling, who tried the case, pointed out that it was a criminal offence for a man to go about attired in feminine apparel, and urged the desirability of giving the widest publicity to the matter, which he considered should also in the general interest be taken up by Parliament. We agree. That is why below we throw some light on the nature of this menace and its extent.



THE severity with which Mr. Justice Darling punished a soldier who was brought before him a few days ago at the Winchester Assizes was surprised a great number of people who have not his Lordship's wide knowledge of the world, informed and heightened by his long experience of the ways of the criminal and the undesirable.

In this case a man named Albert Davies, serving in the Royal Air Force at Farnborough, was charged with improper behaviour while masquerading as a woman, and wearing women's clothes. In female attire, rouged and powdered and corsetted, with silk stockings and high heels, and the carefully simulated appearance of a fast young woman, he met a soldier outside a dance hall at Farnborough.

The two of them went off for a walk arm in arm, and entered the woods. They were followed by the police, and the charge was brought, Davies being sent to jail for two years. The soldier who was in the company of this man dressed as a woman was discharged, and advised by his Lordship to keep better company in future.

Mr. Justice Darling, in passing sentence, expressed his opinion that public attention should be drawn to this case, and his hope that it would be brought also to the notice of Parliament. He could scarcely take any way more emphatic of showing the gravity with which he regarded this disturbing incident.

It was pointed out, on behalf of the masquerading soldier, that he had dressed up in this way to go to a fancy dress dance. The great judge's comment on this was the explicit statement that to dress up as a woman and go about the streets, is punishable in itself, and is a criminal offence. If commanding officers are foolish enough to allow their men to dress up as women for the purpose of regimental dances it is their business to see that men so masquerading are not permitted to go out into the streets, with the obvious possibility of such disturbing incidents as that which led to the case at Winchester Assizes.

THE truth is that since the war, when women impersonators were a popular feature in camp and similar entertainments, there is a large class of men who devote themselves to this highly undesirable practice of dressing themselves up as women and adopting, with feminine clothes, feminine airs and graces.

In some cases, as at fancy dress balls and folly dances, the masquerade may be a perfectly innocent one. But in too many instances the men who resort to this device are thoroughly dangerous, fully intent to take every advantage possible of the position so created, and are a menace to decent society.

There are some regimental dance halls in London which are infested by this kind of people. Very often they are young men of effeminate appearance and manners, which make it easy for them to adopt the pose of a woman. They do not work at any recognised calling. But they seem to have more money than those who, in their station of life, devote themselves to honest work. The police know a good deal about many of these people, and of the busy world of blackmail which lies behind their offensive activities.

A NOTORIOUS figure amongst these professional women masqueraders is a young fellow known to his intimates as "Paddy." He is a very good-looking youth of a very effeminate type. He is as skilful at designing dresses and making embroideries as a West End milliner. He may be taken as a type.

Crowned with a hat adorned with bird of paradise feathers, and fragrant with patchouli, he sets off for whatever fancy dress dance he has designed to honour with his presence.

After the dance Paddy usually collects a few male friends who return with him to his flat.

A dreadful collection of people they are, with their absurd pretensions to the artistic and intellectual. That is merely a pose. They have no intelligence. They are merely degenerates.

Nothing can be more nauseating



than their demeanour towards one another.

Yet there are men, many of them well known in society, and some of them the possessors of distinguished titles, who appear to find a depraved pleasure in the society of these dreadful creatures.

When money is obtained from such men, either by swindling or by robbery or by blackmail or by any other means, it is cynically referred to as "rent." The imitation

woman does not imitate for nothing.

There is a dance hall in Handel Street, Bloomsbury, at which regimental fancy dress dances have been given from time to time. Some of the merry-makers go there quite innocently dressed as women. The professional women masqueraders got to know of this and, in some way, obtained tickets by which they gained admission.

WITHOUT the knowledge of the commanding officers, or of the officials of the dances, these degenerates have been to these functions at Handel Street and danced with young soldiers and made acquaintances and friends amongst them—a thoroughly undesirable state of affairs.

They have been, too, to dances got up at a certain town halls and public fetes, and at one of them a scandal was created by the conduct of a soldier with one of these imitation women.

Another notorious person in this underworld of professional indelicacy is a young man known as "Lily." He boasts of his acquaintance with people of high social position and with more than one occupant of high military post.

He is disliked for a snobbish superciliousness and on one occasion when he was at a dance certain of his class threw pennies at him with a gesture of contempt.

There is a little cafe in one of the back streets off Shaftesbury Avenue where the people who pose as women gather together and take counsel with one another to lay their plans and to decide where victims are to be found and how they are to be best victimised.

There is a special room in one of

and class of people with whom they were mixing, and may have thought it all a very good piece of impromptu fun. It is unnecessary to point out how dangerous it is for strangers to make chance acquaintances with people of such strange manners and such feminine tendencies and dexterities.

Parties of these people gather frequently at a studio at Hampstead, where one of the features of the entertainment is the singing of the "Jewel Song" from "Faust" by a specialist in feminine impersonations, and many people from the artistic world are invited from time to time.

In this way they are brought into contact with undesirables who, so far as they can see, are merely pleasant young people, excellent amateur actors, rather daring dancers, but who are in reality social pests trading in this disguise upon whatever weaknesses they may find in human nature.

BUT the regimental dance is the favourite sphere for the activities of these professional imitators of women. They find it easier to gain admission to many of these functions than they ought.

As we have explained, the female impersonator became a great feature of military entertainments during the war, and the male harpists are quick to exploit the opportunity thus created for them. They feel that there is less criticism at such entertainments in the circumstances than there might be at outside functions where this tradition did not exist.

At many regimental dances the female impersonator is still regarded as an appropriate part of the proceedings, and her extravagance is regarded as mere extravagance and burlesque.

But in view of the grave comments passed by Mr. Justice Darling, and of his vague hint of the very unpleasant and dangerous possibilities that may lurk behind the tolerance of this custom, we think it highly advisable that the War Office without attributing any blame to any specific individuals or regimental organisations should immediately overhaul this whole matter of regimental dances.

IT is a scandal that the young soldier should be exposed to the traps laid for him by social degenerates posing as pleasant fellows and amusing companions. These people are unworthy comrades for those who serve in the forces of the King.

They ought to be hunted out of clean and decorous society, and sent about their business—except in such cases where they can be dealt with more effectively by the bringing of graver charges, for which the evidence is, unfortunately, far too frequent.

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

"WE are poor struggling people, but possess clever children who are above the average. Our oldest girl has won a scholarship that will enable her to study free for three years at the County High School for Girls and emerge a well-paid school teacher. But we have a family of six. Her father is a poorly-paid, or rather small wage man, getting less than 9s. daily, and far worse, his health is often indifferent. We have always been ambitious for our children and anxious to hide our poverty from the world in general. Now Bessie must be well clothed to keep up with high school girls; 4s. weekly must be paid for her dinners and milk. Can you realise what worry it is to know how to find the means? Yet what a loss to the child who is wrapped up in study and ambition. What can I do—either write declining the scholarship or try and trust in Providence to pull through?"

"Humanist" says: Yes, trust in Providence and give the girl a chance. You will be no worse off for the next few years than you have been for the past few years, and you will get your reward.

"LATELY my husband keeps drawing attention to my looks, in fact after a quarrel he called me ugly. I have not altered any since my marriage, and contrive to make myself as smart as I can, so please do you think he has met someone who is nicer-looking than myself?"

"Even his parents and sisters say he wasn't particular for a good looking wife, yet my husband continually draws my attention to any nice-looking girl in the street.

"Should I ignore it, although I feel it very much, or is it because I am too sensitive?"

"Humanist" says: Obviously you are sensitive and your people-in-law are condescendingly offensive. But don't let your husband's admiration for others spoil your life. Remember that handsome is who handsome does, and a woman can retain her happiness irrespective of looks. Try and be charming. It is more attractive than being merely a good-looker.

"I HAVE been a widow thirteen years. I was left with three children, ages ranging from four and a half years to three weeks, when my husband was lost at sea. I have been living in apartments for five years. Some time ago my landlord

A Hesitating Woman

lost his wife, which made things very awkward for me, since owing to the scarcity of houses I could not move. He has since asked me to be house-

keeper to him. He turned out to be very fair in money matters and is a steady man but very bad tempered. He has offered me marriage, but I think him too old."

"Humanist" says: Clearly you should marry him, in spite of his bad temper. You have to put up with that now. You could be no worse off with an ill-tempered husband than with a lousy lover, and you would be respectable, a thing not to be altogether despised in this rough world.

"IN 1914 I, with what money my wife and I had saved, bought a small business. In doing my duty by joining the colours I made a big mistake as far as our fortunes were concerned. I left my wife to carry on and I went to

Worthy of Work

France. She did her best until illness and worry beat her and the business went. When I came back into civil life we started again in a small way as before, but the aftermath of war again beat us. We came out in debt, sold our home and cleared it, and with the balance have lingered on until now. I have never had the dose.

"I have always tried to get my living and do not now ask for charity. I want work. I am good with horses, can drive a car, should be a very handy man on an estate. I can do most things. Could assist a game-keeper. Do gardening—anything. My wife would be only too willing to help at anything. We are both healthy and strong. Worry is our only ill. I am not the man to escort my wife and child to the workhouse, neither will I do so. We are at our last. I have travelled the country in search of work but cannot get it. My age, 46, probably is against me."

"Humanist" says: Your case is hard but you have the spirit of fight in you. In any case I gladly publish your story, for in several similar instances readers of JOHN BULL have come to the rescue.

"DURING my holidays last year I saved a girl's life. Not wishing to be made a fuss of, I left her with the people who gathered around, and hurried home. A few months ago the girl managed to find me, tendered her thanks, and has tried to force her affections upon me. I have repeatedly told her that it is a waste of time, as I am married and devoted to my wife, but she is insistent. She now says that, unless I leave my wife and go with her, she will say that we are more than friends, and my wife, being very jealous, will believe her. What shall I do?"

Should He Tell?

"Humanist" says: For a hero you seem to be easily intimidated. Send the miss about her business, and when you have done so, tell your wife!

"I AM 22 years of age, an unmarried mother, at present living at a business house, where they know nothing of my past. My two-year-old boy lives at home with us and all my people are devoted to him. His father is a cad—he did offer to marry me, but, as he was such a heavy gambler and drinker, I could not bring myself to agree to bring my baby into the world under his care. He is selfish to the core and is sinking lower and lower. Twice he has been summoned for disorderliness. I have letters proving his paternity.

The Threat of a Cad

"Soon he is to be married to a very nice girl. Now he wants me to deny he is my baby's father, and, unless I agree to do so, he won't give me anything to help to keep me. I cannot sue him in a court, because publicity would mean my dismissal. Humanist, although I sinned once, I am not really bad, and I am trying so hard to live the past down, to give my baby the best I can. Until I became engaged to baby's father, I was a straight, pure girl, but, like a fool, gave way to a rotter. He borrowed about £15 during our engagement and never paid a farthing back."

"Humanist" says: Take the letters you hold, proving his paternity, to a solicitor and ask him to get a written promise from the father to pay, or the matter must be taken to court. The cad does not want publicity any more than you do.

"TWO years ago my sister married a Burgher medical student, who was studying for his degrees at the University. We understood a 'Burgher' was a white man of Dutch descent, and whose people lived in Ceylon. On attaining his degrees he returned to his home to take up a practice there, taking my sister with him. His people met the boat on arrival and, to my sister's surprise and disgust, she was introduced to a motley gathering of dusky black and brown relations and learned that her husband was half native. That same night she fled back to the ship and enlisted the sympathy of the captain who allowed my sister to continue the voyage and return to England.

Her Half-caste Husband

"For some months past her husband has been sending letters to her, addressing them to my mother's, saying he intends coming to England to compel my sister to go back to Ceylon with him. She is very miserable. Can he compel my sister to return with him if he finds her, and what steps would you advise us to take?"

"Humanist" says: Your sister's husband cannot compel her to go and to live with his dusky relations. She can refuse to go, and leave him to his legal remedy."

"HUMANIST" REPLIES

to those "Documents" not dealt with on the opposite page. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others.

Courage and Misfortune.

"I have read the dismal confession of your deaf architect. I, too, am deaf and half blind and nearly seventy. I have fought the battle. I belong to no church, but just go, like David did for Goliath, with stone and sling, trusting to God. It's damn hard lines on cuffs and collars, but tell him to stick it and buck up."

That is the right spirit. We are never defeated in this world if we refuse to acknowledge defeat. Your letter is a fine performance. Good man!

The Sport of Kings.

"I am fond of racing—my father was a trainer. My husband has recently joined the anti-gambling league and refuses to allow me to attend race-meetings. Should I deceive him and go?"

No, there is nothing to be gained by deceit. Try and persuade him to believe that your father's occupation is not a crime. If you deceive him you will justify his suspicion of followers of the sport of kings.

Children at Play.

"The woman next door has consumption, and is bedridden. Her little boy is my tiny son's friend, and, being next-door neighbours, they frequently play together in the bedroom of the poor mother. I fear that my little boy will become contaminated. Shall I risk it, or keep him away from his friend?"

You should not allow your child to play in the bedroom of a dying consumptive. Let them play together in the open air. You cannot punish a lad because his mother is consumptive.

Mother of Ten.

"I am a mother of 10 children—8 boys and 2 girls. My husband is a good working man and always gives me his money, but at times he takes too much to drink. I have tried my hardest to make him different and would have left him years ago but I think of my children and my marriage vows. I think sometimes things won't always be so bad when my children grow up."

Keep smiling, and pack your troubles away. Some day your children will repay you for all you have done for them.

A Question of Conduct.

"The young lady I am engaged to is a waitress. A man she had never seen before came in the worse for drink. He bought her a box of chocolates, which she accepted. She wants to know if it is a proper thing for an engaged girl to accept a gift like this."

Your girl is all right, or she would not have told you. It is not wrong, in her circumstances, to accept a good-natured gift, but would be if the man returned and obviously desired to pay her attentions.

The Publican's Son.

"My father is a publican in a large way of business. I am his only son. He threatens to leave his property to his brother because I do not drink. What can I do?"

Your father is a foolish person, and does not understand liberty. If your conscience prevents you from drinking, you must make the consequent sacrifices. But don't you think you could moderate your attitude to be at least inoffensive in your home?

A Village Post-office.

"Our local post-office is situated in a milliner's shop. Sometimes people have to wait for stamps ten minutes while the girls are selling reels of cotton. To whom should I complain without getting them into trouble?"

To the owner of the shop, explaining that you do not wish to get anybody in trouble, but must get reasonable service. If that is refused, your course is clear.

A Stranded New Zealander.

"Out of work in New Zealand I took a job on a boat. Now I am stranded in London and my wife and child are starving in the Antipodes. What can I do?"

Ask the High Commissioner for New Zealand to try and get you a job on a ship going to New Zealand or Australia.

Love and Honour.

"I fell in love with my employer. He was married. I do not love my husband deeply, but I respect him. My employer is honourable, and I have been a faithful wife. Should I say good-bye to my employer for ever?"

It is not necessary. You are both honourable people. Remain honourable and you may remain friends.

Mother—or Career.

"My mother is an invalid and my sisters brought me home from Australia, where I had a good job. Here I cannot get work. My mother says it will break her heart if I leave England again."

You must look to your own future. Nobody else will look after it for you. It is a trying position for you, but each generation must face its own burden. It is the law of nature.

A Rogue in the Force.

"A police-officer is always hinting to me—a publican—that I ought to 'drop' or bribe him. If I don't he will do me mischief."

Go straight to the Chief Constable and lodge your complaint. Let me know how it is dealt with.

A Family Quarrel.

"A friend of mine, unemployed, lives with his father, as does his married brother. The latter has ordered my friend to leave his father's house."

He need not do so. Only his father can order him out. Tell him to try and make friends with his brother.

A Friendly Loan.

"Six years ago I lent £20 to a friend. He has only repaid me £20 and says his employer, a rich man, does not pay him his business expenses."

You are entitled to use pressure on your friend, which he in turn must pass on to his employer. Your friend must fight his own battle in that respect.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

A Spank for a Crank

by HARRISON OWEN

DR. WALTER ROBERT HADWEN, of Gloucester, who was charged with endangering the public health by aiding and abetting disease germs in their campaign against mankind, pleaded "Not guilty."

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., for the prosecution, said that the accused was a doctor by profession and a crank by inclination. He was an anti-vivisectionist, an anti-vaccinationist, and, judging from articles in *The Abolitionist*, a journal issued by the society of which he was president, an anti-cancer-research crank.

"The immediate cause of Hadwen's appearance in the dock," proceeded Mr. Watchdog, "is the epidemic of small-pox at Gloucester, which accused and his friend, Dr. Bibby, or Booby

—I cannot be sure of the name—diagnosed as chicken-pox, to which diagnosis they obstinately adhere.

"Although the outbreak has assumed alarming dimensions and the Ministry of Health has issued a grave official warning concerning the seriousness of the situation, the accused has persisted in a policy of fatuous optimism and obstinate obstruction. He has bought space in the local papers in which to ride his badly-spotted hobby-horse, and, in an article entitled 'The City of Dreadful Lies,' even went so far as to suggest that a desire upon the part of commercial rivals to injure the Gloucester Trades Fair caused them to invent a rumour that there was small-pox in the city. A gentleman



with such a remarkably keen sense of humour is surely wasted as a mere doctor!

"HADWEN," continued counsel, "holds that all infectious diseases are caused by noxious gases coming from the soil, and says that these gases in high concentration are the cause of small-pox and typhus. Up-to-date medical men smile at these theories; to them Hadwen's gases are merely so much laughing gas. The quaint views advanced by accused were held by some doctors in the 'sixties; he is merely saying to-day what his professional brethren gave up saying half-a-century ago. Hadwen himself was born in 1854, and, not having cut his wisdom tooth, still clings to the beliefs that were current when he was in the cradle.

"Personally, I have no objection to his being rocked in the cradle of his deep ignorance so long as it does not involve other citizens in the risk of being laid to rest in coffins; but when it comes to perpetuating a plague to propagate a fad it is time for drastic action in the interest of the community."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, said that Gloucester was being butchered to make a Pressant, and scaremongers or lymphomaniacs were trying to vaccinate everybody with a boil on the neck or a pimple on the proboscis. Dr. Hadwen contended that the so-called "small"-pox was so very small as to be invisible to the naked eye, and, as a convinced anti-vivisectionist and a life-long lover of animals, he objected to innocent calves being robbed of their lymph.

The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty, but insane."

"I do not know whether some fatuous form of calf-love is at the bottom of prisoner's objection to vaccination," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "but however sincerely he may believe in his antediluvian theories, he has done the citizens of Gloucester a grave disservice in endeavouring to advance them at such a critical time. The sort of propaganda in which he has been indulging might more correctly be described as 'improperganda,' just as he himself, instead of being called an anti-vaccinationist, might more suitably be labelled a pro-germ. In the circumstances, I cannot do less than apply the muzzling order to Hadwen and his fellow faddists until the present outbreak is at an end."

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"WESTERN GAZETTE":—"IN THE ROAD a little girl was lying IN THE HEDGE."

"MANFIELD REPORTER":—"He had a long board in his hand with which he struck her a savage blow on the HEAD, injuring a FINGER."

"EVENING NEWS" (advert.):—"Wanted, three unfurnished rooms, retired GENTLEMAN; baby eleven months; HUSBAND going to sea."

"DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE":—"A young woman, apparently in a great hurry, came up to the ticket window, PUT IT IN HER PURSE and then transferred the purse to a small travelling bag."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he drew out some GOLD NOTES which he flung on the table."

"EVENING NEWS":—"The first engine of the express was completely wrecked, but the second, although lifted from the rails, REMAINED UPRIGHT. THE SECOND ENGINE WAS ALSO THROWN OVER and lay a mass of twisted and bent iron-work."

"KENT MESSENGER":—"Over 500 adults and children belonging to the various Sunday schools enjoyed a LONG DAY at Margate. The large party left at 7.30 p.m. All returned home at 9 p.m."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO":—"East winds will continue from WEST or SOUTH-WEST with a moderate temperature."

"SOUTH WALES NEWS":—"The ceiling of a bedroom collapsed, but UNFORTUNATELY no one was occupying it."

"NELSON LEE LIBRARY":—"Fortunately for himself, he was not particularly MARKED, although he was BRUISED fairly considerably. OUTWARDLY, HOWEVER, HE SHOWED NOTHING."

"DAILY MAIL":—"In the eleventh month the life-long habit of SITTING begins and baby STANDS without support."

"WEEKLY TELEGRAPH":—"He sat with clenched hands, considering the problem, his heart's hot blood on his FACE."

"NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE" (advert.):—"DAY Girl wanted, about 18, SLEEP IN."

ON July 11th it was announced in the daily Press that Gardner would not ride as first jockey for the Lambton stable any more. But I had already made the announcement in JOHN BULL on June 27th. "If you see it—IT"

Tishy's Legs.

I see that a contemporary, dealing with the death of Tishy, talks about her "habit of crossing her legs whilst racing." Nonsense! A horse that crosses its legs, falls. The Tom Webster conception arose through a training report from Newmarket which said that Tishy changed her legs when galloping. Webster altered this to "crossed her legs," and so Tishy was immortalised.

U.V.W.Y.Z.

I am not a believer in such fantastic systems as backing horses the third letter of whose name is "R," but it is a fact that this year no horse seems worth backing for the big races unless his name contains one of the last six letters of the alphabet. There are exceptions, such as Diligence and Glass Idol, but what about White Bud (U and W), Sergeant Murphy, Bluidhaonach, Ellangowan, Papyrus, Brownhylda, Royal Alarm, Tranquil, Dry Toast, Weatherlane, Crowdena, Happy Man, Lausun, to mention a few. U.V.W.Y.Z. seems to be the lucky letters this year.

And I wonder how many racegoers have noted the number of times that No. 4 and No. 7 have won? Amongst the 4's last week (and there were several winners) was Fast and Furious (20 to 1).

A Dull Meeting.

I always think that the Bibury Club meeting is one of the dullest of the year's fixtures. To me it was once the most tragic. Many years ago, when I was conducting a daily racing feature, I had a letter from a reader who described himself as a Colonial who did not find time to go racing. He asked me if I was going to Salisbury, and, if I was, whether I would back a horse for him as he had no bookmaker's account, having only just arrived in the country. He had been long enough here to have had a tip for a two-year-old race.

The Colonial.

The letter came from a Nottingham hotel, and I wrote back saying that I would be happy to oblige him, though it was not a thing I cared to do for a stranger. Back came a hundred pounds in bank-notes and the name of the horse—which lost.

A few days later I had a visit from the "Colonial," who, I discovered, was an office-boy employed by a Nottingham firm. And the money had been stolen from his employer!

A Trag's Problem.

Here was a problem which might even puzzle a synthetic "Humanist." I had unwittingly become an accessory to a theft, and had the matter come to a police court case, my position would have been a ghastly one. As it was, there was nothing left for me to do but to confirm the youth's story and repay the hundred. Curiously enough, I was caught a second time, and only as recently as last March. I had a letter from a JOHN BULL reader saying that his daughter (a school girl) had applied for a free tip and had stolen the rent money to back it! The rent money was £2, which I sent to the anguished parent, who didn't have the decency to acknowledge my gift.

Racing and Crime.

None the less it is absurd for these persons who attend before the betting commission to describe racing as a social evil. Just as absurd as to charge religion

with being an incitement to immorality. Not a week passes but we read of some weak-minded parson being charged with some offence, yet no intelligent person would suggest that we should abolish the Christian religion because a few of its teachers are hypocrites.

Why People Steal.

Any sport or occupation which offers an opportunity for acquiring easy money must of necessity attract dishonest men and women to its pursuit. People do not steal to bet. The records of police courts teach us that the amateur thief bets with the object of replacing the money he has stolen for other purposes.

The Betting Tax.

I have so far made no comment on the Betting Tax Commission, even though the bumptious, self-advertising antics of some of the little men who have bounced their way into the witness chair might have called protests from a journalistic Job. The only thing one can say is that, if the principle of applying a tax to turnover is accepted by British business men, they are opening the way to most extraordinary developments. Logically there is only one way of taxing bets, and that is the introduction of the Pari-Mutuel on the course and the Licensed Betting House in the town. This is not necessarily the view of JOHN BULL—it is merely a Rowley Mileism.

A GREAT DAY.

I had a pony on a cert
And won a dozen score.
I bet my winnings and my shirt
And won a thousand more.

The third race came. I took the odds.
Ten thousand pounds I won.
For, by the favour of the gods,
My luck was on the run.

In every race throughout the day
I found the splendid pea.
The bookies pawned their clothes to pay
The money they owed me.

And then . . . "Wake up!" I heard
The grouse,
And with a start I woke.
I still was in a Rowton House
And still was stony broke.

R. M.

Mass Selections.

I suppose there are quite a lot of people thirsting for my blood because I dropped Sicyon from my "Mass Selections." But wait and see! By the way, Stowe comes out—the poor animal is dead, having suffered from an internal stoppage. Quite a number of horses have been crooked up by the hard going, and at the moment of writing it is very difficult to compile a list of the Eclipse starters.

The state of the going may prevent Captain Cattle from running—he is in light work at the moment of writing. Doric will, I gather, be Watson's representative, but if Triumph goes instead this is one I should back. My own impression about Doric is that he wants a longer course than the Sandown ten furlongs, and he may find himself chopped for speed in the earlier part of the race, though this would not bother him so much when the uphill finish came to be negotiated.

I cannot escape the feeling that this year's Eclipse Stakes will produce one of the poorest fields we have ever seen for the event—though last year's would take some beating on the score of mediocrity. I should imagine that the field will be a large one. The runners will probably include Star Chamber, Bold and Bad, Ceylonese, Puttenden, Psychology, Bucks

Hussar, Great Star, Portsoy, Craigan-gower, Greek Bachelor, Duncan Gray, Doric and/or Triumph, Teresina, Inkerman, Lady of the Rose and Ishtar.

I see somebody refers to the possibility of Papyrus running. As he paid forfeit in the early part of last year he probably won't. I am going to tip a very funny kind of horse for this race, and I have an idea that he will make a good show—if he runs. That horse is

PSYCHOLOGY, and I take, in his absence, Triumph and Inkerman in that order.

For the National Breeders' Foal Stakes I shall not, of course, look beyond MUMTAS MAHAL for the winner. It is a stiff course, but no worse than Ascot. STRAITLACE should be second.

NEWMARKET NOTES.

There is every appearance of a good week's sport. The popular Newmarket July Meeting will come to an end on Thursday, to be followed by Sandown Park on Friday and Saturday. Good fields will be seen out.

July Handicap.

This race will be contested by a good class of sprinters. Sicyon will no doubt give way to his stable companion Pondoland, and this is the ideal course for him. When at his best he is very useful, and just now he is going well. I think there is very little between the two. Black Gown did not show his true form at Newmarket or Ascot; he runs his best races in blinkers, and if he is seen wearing the rogue's badge here I shall expect him to go close.

The distance will suit Silver Grass, who is very fast, and I shall expect to see her fighting out the finish. Lieutenant has been doing a lot of good gallops since running at Windsor, and if he runs here he will be dangerous. Tarpon is useful; he will be ridden by Chubb Leach, one of our best light-weights, and is sure to go close. Phoen will probably be Lambton's selected. Summing up, I like nothing better than Pondoland, and take Silver Grass as my second choice.

Histon Three-year-old Handicap.

Forest Glade has earned a 10-lb. penalty, but she is very useful when at her best. She won at our last meeting in no half-hearted fashion, and Elliott, I understand, is again to have the mount. Harry Tate runs and will go close. There will be plenty of runners, but I shall take Forest Glade to represent me.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

NEWMARKET (Wednesday).

2.0 Gyrocope (Heknova, Ballet).
2.30 Ulysses (Wood-Killer, Royal Hussar).
3.0 False Note (Waterbuck, Lackham).
3.30 Phoen (Soldennis, Tarpon).
4.0 Servulus (Breeze, Kitten on the Keys).
4.30 Shrove (Lark Leman).
5.0 Pass the Mint (Piper's Son, Junk).

NEWMARKET (Thursday).

1.0 D'Orsay (Verdict, Duncan Gray).
1.30 Jacynth (Green Islet, Live Wire).
2.0 Corbridge (Ruy Blas, Bellman).
2.30 Forest Glade (Moro, Silver Hus).
3.0 Knight of the Garter (Diophan, Arazulo).
3.30 The Basilisk (Dryad, Canary Seed).

SANDOWN PARK (Friday).

2.0 Malaga (Molders, Bourton Duck).
2.30 College Green (White Cat, Gent).
3.0 CLIFTON STAKES—Psychology (Triumph).
3.30 Purple Shade (Appleby, Beresford).
4.0 Sun (Morning Light, Ivette).
4.30 Lady Diana (Sweet Dorothy, Bambino).

SANDOWN PARK (Saturday).

2.0 Green Wheat (Karella, Ben Storme).
2.30 Home Fire (Double Bloom, Jack Patch).
3.0 Sweet Dorothy (Miss Margot, Endor).
3.30 Mumtaz Mahal (Straitlace, Polyphontes).
4.0 Treant (Brid, Son o' Love).
4.30 Overcast (Free from Pride, Anitra's Dance).

HAYDOCK PARK (Friday).

1.30 St. Clears (Platinum).
2.30 Graceland Baby (Kallistrates).
2.50 Trevelyan (Volunteer).
3.30 Floxy (Young Visitor).
3.50 Indragone (Crimson Sun).
4.15 Flint Jack (False Note).

HAYDOCK PARK (Saturday).

1.45 Honan (Hellepont).
2.15 Allades (More Rink).
2.45 Colbie (Mort, Varinka).
3.15 Oshkosh (Furness L.).
3.45 Smoke Screen (Almond Wine).
4.10 Cortana (Bu Bu).

Sports and by ROWLEY

Bury Handicap.

This race bears a very open appearance. In taking Linby and Catalani (the latter for preference), Golden Meah, Floxy and Jason, I believe I have named the winner. The best has yet to be seen of Catalani. From the way he goes at exercise I am convinced he will be returned a winner before very long, and if seen out here I shall plump for him to win, knowing him to be good enough.

Summer Handicap.

At the time of writing the ground is very hard. If the going were to become anything like good, I should not hesitate to declare for Pride of Ulster as our best. Corbridge does not run. Ruy Blas has been given a good preparation for the race and is a good outsider—a remark which applies also to Philter. However, there is nothing in the race that appeals to me more than Donna Inez, who was only beaten a head by Juniso in the Ascot Stakes. The mare has done well since and has been trained for this race. She acts well on the top of the ground, and I am confident that whatever wins has Donna Inez to beat.

Old Newton Cup Haydock Park.

A lot of our horses engaged here will be absent. The distance of this race is about as far as Irish Belfry cares to go, and if she goes to the post she will want beating. More to my liking, however, is Ragout, who likes hard going and is striding out in good style again. If Sam Charmer is sent in preference to Irish Belfry, on no account leave her out; she is certain to win a race of this description before long. Narrowing the issue down to Colling's selected and Ragout, I hope to have named the winner.

Wykeham, who was narrowly beaten by Dossier at Alexandra Park, goes to Haydock, where he has a great chance of winning the July Plate on Friday.

If sent for the Makerfield Three-year-old Handicap on Friday, Black Fairy should not be missed. She has been going in something like her two-year-old form lately, and should be followed, as she is expected to win a race shortly.

Eather Faa f. has been galloped as good as Golden Knight. This is one I can recommend to be followed with confidence for any selling event in which she runs.

The best youngster in Lord Dundar's stable is Scotch Hands. He wants a little more time, and in soft going he will be returned the winner of a good nursery.

Sportsmen MILE

Reach Selling Plate.

Some smart platers will be seen out here. Whatever beats Gamgee will probably win. This filly won on a tight rein at Lingfield before changing hands, and has done well since being located in J. Jarvis' stable. She has been well galloped lately, and with Elliott riding is confidently expected.

San Utar is a big, fine, upstanding colt trained by D. Waugh, with heaps of room for improvement. That this good-looking son of Sunstar can race was proved by his running a good second (on his first appearance) to the much fancied O Julia last week. Like his stable companion, Ducks and Drakes, this experience will benefit him, and I am confident he will pay to follow.

Serbiton Handicap, Sandown.

A large field will turn out for this. If this is Catalani's chosen race, he will want beating. Phoen may run well; he is a useful horse, and if he would only produce his home reputation he would take a lot of beating. Indolence has a good chance, but much more to my liking is Nectarina, who is nicely down the handicap. She has only been out once this season, and was not forward in condition. Lately she has been striding out in excellent style, and I take her and Catalani as our best.

Sun Kissed will be all the better for his race the week before last, when running a good third to Gurnil. This good-looking colt will win soon—probably next time out. Make a special note of this one.

Golden Corn has never been so straight in condition as at present. She is going in such splendid style that she will be there or thereabouts for the Stewards Cup if the handicapper does not take her recent beating of Black Gown too seriously. This handsome filly was the best of her age as a juvenile, and it looks as if she is reproducing some of that early form.

ALL KINDS OF SPORT.

Because "John Bull" isn't a daily newspaper, it isn't possible to keep track of the Beckett-Carpenter controversy—I will not say "fight." Anyway, the thing is now settled: Joe's hand is strong enough to sign a cheque for £2,000 that he'll meet Carp. In September, and so Joe can rest his hand. I've an idea that it is writer's cramp he's suffering from.

Suzanne has rehabilitated herself in the opinion of perfidious Albion. She has been sportsmanlike—she has also been winning. By the way, when will the Universities recognise the importance of tennis and give blues instead of half blues for both doubles and singles?

It is ancient history now, but Cambridge had the worst kind of luck last week. The Oxford side played on a wicket that can only be described as ideal. In the night came the storm (which, by the way, wasn't as bad as the storms that New Yorkers experience twice a week), and some two inches of rain fell upon Lord's. Cambridge slipped and dithered in the soggy ground, and passed out sadly.

I think it was Charles Cochran who said that the stake money demanded by the modern pug would break a bank. The Dempsey-Gibson fight has, apparently, broken two! But some of these funny little country banks on the Main streets of rural America do not require much breaking.

Dempsey's share of the swag was 250,000 dollars. The arena cost 50,000 dollars to erect, and they took about 75,000 at the gate—and as the banks guaranteed the rest it is no wonder that the poor Hicks were sitting on the banks' doorsteps the morning after the "great" fight.

I had a letter from a correspondent complaining bitterly of the difficulty of starting a cricket club. Grounds are difficult to get and their cost prohibitive. That's true. The man who starts a cricket club is up against all the difficulties. It is easier to start an opium den.

Which reminds me that I have had the following appeal from a little town in Switzerland:

"Sir Rowling: You are great influence can you kindly help the young men of this villa to initiation a good English (Ild England) game of Foot-bal club? By giving us kindly foot-balls of improved pattern, gold-postes, wicketts et cet. For which honour we shall name our clubs Rowling Mile."

I fear that the good old English game of Foot-bal club in Switzerland must flourish without my assistance.

HORSES TO NOTE.

Hebble (3 yrs.).—For some reason or other failed to run up to his form at Ascot. He is likely to do much better on the occasion of his next appearance in public.

Jens Heese (4 yrs.).—Forfeited his engagement on the concluding day of the First July Meeting. Perhaps it was all for the best, as he is a better horse over five furlongs than six.

Elther Fan Filly (3 yrs.).—This young lady has been tried very smart, and if, as is likely to be the case, she is exploited in a selling race, she should not be missed.

Broom (5 yrs.).—Pratt seems to have discontinued his efforts to convert this horse into a stayer. Kept to his proper distance, a mile or shortly under, he will win races.

Olira (2 yrs.).—Missed an engagement at Nottingham last week, which appeared at her mercy. The filly will be found very useful when her day arrives.

Silver Hie (3 yrs.).—A smart staying filly who, from the work she is doing, will be wanted shortly. A mile and a quarter or thereabouts is her best course.

Dragon (4 yrs.).—By no means the best of this Manton cast-off has been seen so far this season. He may figure in winning colours over a mile or thereabouts shortly.

Smalhar (3 yrs.).—Has not much form to recommend him, but he is a big, good-looking colt who ought to be capable of better deeds than any he has accomplished in public. Perhaps a T.Y.C. handicap may be within his compass.

Advantage (3 yrs.).—This filly displayed good stamina when running second to Beesma at the First July Meeting. It ought to be an easy matter to place her to win races.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

If, as is stated, Doris is better than Triumph at weight-for-age, he ought to want beating for the Eclipse Stakes.

Thorndown failed to show in anything like his true colours at Alexandra Park, the reason being that he was struck into when rounding one of the bends.

Forest Glade is just now at his best, and probably worth following up for his engagement this week. Elliott has again been engaged to ride.

The Beckhampton stable seem to shelter some useful two-year-olds. Hasty Catch, who made her debut at Salisbury, may be said to have won running away.

Can any of my readers suggest a better name than "Ink" for the colt (described as jet black by Blink out of Innocence), purchased at the July Sales?

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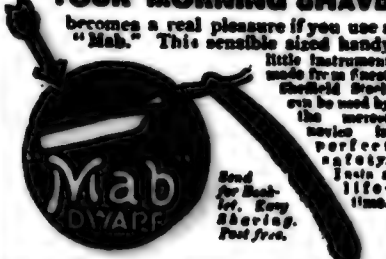
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Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

The Cost of Living.

Why cannot the Government give a common-sense return on this subject? The average man's cost of living should be based on those articles, etc., in daily or weekly use; i.e., rent, taxes, bread, butter, jam, milk, vegetables, meat, eggs, and such like. To include such articles as clothes, pegs, thread, knitting wool, and even boots and shoes is misleading. The purchase of such things can always be postponed in an emergency, or bought second-hand. It is the daily article of consumption that counts, and if this were recognised by our authorities a strike like the dock strike might have been avoided.—J. B., London.

The Wily Chink.

In the course of your enquiries, into the "Dope Traffic," have you noticed the large number of Chinese which form the crews of our coasting vessels, allowing a constant communication between the Continental and British ports? I have spent many years in the Far East and, knowing the ease with which the "Wily Chink" can smuggle opium, consider that they have no difficulty in smuggling cocaine, as it has a less volume than opium. While so many British seamen are out of work it is unnecessary and disgraceful that these Chinese should be allowed on board British ships—but, of course, there is no war on now, and the British sailor is forgotten.—Able-bodied, Wandsworth.

Fee Snatching.

It is time that newspaper proprietors were enforced by law to enquire into the bona-fides of their advertisers. Men and women are victimised daily by persons inserting advertisements for certain tradesmen and tradeswomen, and when applied for the applicant receives a reply asking for a fee of a few shillings, which when sent, very often means short rations for the week. By these means the advertisers earn plenty of money, and safeguard themselves by using an accommodation address.—I.F.O., Sheffield.

Cotton Trade Hardships.

It is a well-known fact that many miners are working a full week for thirty-shillings, yet few people outside the areas concerned are aware that many cotton weavers in Lancashire, and the weaving centres of Yorkshire, Derbyshire and Cheshire, are working a full week for less than a pound. Four looms each is the general standard in weaving centres, yet during the past two years and a half most of the weavers have had to be content with two looms, the other two being empty through lack of orders. Recent reductions have lowered the cotton workers' average to 9s. per loom, and many are working a full week for the princely sum of 18s. Under employment is a worse evil than unemployment in some cases.—G. G., Burnley.

Too Many Cadets.

Things are so bad in the Mercantile Marine that the various officers' societies are collecting relief for the broken members from those in work. At the same time the Worcester and Conway training ships are turning out cadets every term, and the Board of Trade returns for the last three weeks of certificates granted to second officers, the lowest grade granted, have been 20, 23, and 28. Cannot something be done to stop overcrowding in this branch of the service?—Workless, London.

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Protection Against Harpies.

I read with disgust of the parasites in your article of this week under the heading "The Paradise of Parasites," and I venture to suggest a remedy.

We all know of the splendid service done by police and volunteers during the war at our London stations, who advised many thousands of soldiers and Wacs against the harpies who tried to get into conversation with them. I suggest that a repetition of that cast-iron safeguard could be worked by members of the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A., by giving travellers an invitation to their hostels where advice and protection from the clutches of fast and bloodsucking parasites could be given to innocent girls.—A. E. P., Burnley.

Air Force as Coastguard.

Now that the Coastguard Force has been practically abolished, there is a great opportunity to make use of our Air Force, which is to be increased. I suggest that aerodromes be established round the coast of Great Britain, with patrols to maintain communication. "Ground" men could keep a "look-out" to sea, and what speedier assistance could a ship in distress have than by aeroplane? The nation will not grudge money spent on the Air Force; the distribution of stations would assist recruiting; the knowledge of every inch of the coast line would be invaluable, and the general health of the Force would benefit by the proximity of the men to the sea.—W.L.S., Belfast.

Sex Instruction for Children.

Certainly it should never be permitted that school-teachers give lessons in procreation to their pupils. No doubt plenty would be delighted to do so, but on the other hand, gentlemanly schoolmasters are already disgusted with what they are required to impart under the heading of "Nature Study," sometimes to girls as tall as themselves. Moreover, while to decently brought-up children, such a subject would be revolting, many of the more precocious are better qualified to teach the teacher than he, or especially she, them! As it is certain schools have a sufficiently pronounced erotic atmosphere. The mothers are the right persons to give what little information is really required, which is simply a warning, gravely administered.—Heureka, Croydon.

Allow Sweepstakes.

Why does not the Government show a little common sense, and by realising that people will invest money in sweepstakes make them legal on payment of a small tax. The tax need not be difficult to collect either. Treat sweepstakes as entertainments and make every ticket bear a stamp as theatre and other amusement tickets do at present, and another profitable source of revenue would be tapped.—H. B., Steyning.

Dental Treatment.

With reference to Dental Treatment under the National Health Insurance Acts, it depends entirely upon which society a person is a member of, whether he is entitled to such treatment or not. When the surplus funds was declared, several societies agreed to dispense of same by increasing the weekly sickness benefit from the normal rate of 13s. per week to 17s. 6d., some to 18s. Other societies did not do this, but adopted a scheme whereby their members would, upon application, be entitled to such additional benefits as dental treatment, medical and surgical appliances, and optical treatment and appliances. Insured persons would do well to obtain a leaflet (giving full details) from the representative of their society.—Insured, Frome.

A Fair Exchange.

Though there are schemes of assisted emigration they do not cover every case, such as Colonials who took their discharge from the Army in Britain, but who now wish to return. You give an instance of such a man, an Australian, with work waiting for him, but who cannot get an assisted passage and is forced to draw the dole. Why should not anyone placed like this be allowed to exchange his dole for a passage? The regulations governing assisted passages would be sufficient safeguard against fraud. Where necessary some cash might also be given.

Officialdom might argue that the man may be offered work within a short time and would therefore be getting benefit to which he was not entitled. With so many unemployed the (prospective) work could be offered to another man, thus giving two men work.—S. B. (Brechin)

The Slippery Han.

Isn't it about time something was done to alter the law that allows aliens temporarily resident in this country to avoid paying Income Tax? I, personally, know of an ex-enemy alien who has been doing business over here since 1910, but thanks to the regulation permitting him to stay in Britain only for three months at a time, he was thus able to dodge the Income Tax, which (in his case) would have amounted to a considerable sum.

In the United States, I believe, aliens have to produce an Income Tax receipt before they are allowed to leave. Could not we do the same?—J. W. D., London

A Dirty Business.

Popular holiday resorts are just now suffering a plague of horribly indecent postcards, mostly manufactured abroad, and the authorities ought to inquire how the abominations are brought into the country. Vulgar and suggestive cards are publicly exposed for sale. The other type are kept for sale inside the shops. In view of the moral harm these vile concoctions do amongst the young, the police need to be on the alert.—C. A., Blackpool.

JOHN BULL'S One-Minute Exams

How could the smoke nuisance be abolished?

What is the cheapest food?

Is there any difference between Alpine and Margate sunbathing?

In House of Commons procedure, what is a "kangaroo"?

When may an infant marry?

For whom has bankruptcy certain advantages?

If you have any difficulty in answering any of the above questions, you need "The John Bull's Treasure Book of Knowledge," particulars of which will be found on page 23.

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THE MESSAGE OF THE TREMOL STAFF TO SUFFERERS.

For 25 years we have Cured Bad Legs only. Doing this one thing only for 25 years has made us Experts. That is why we succeed where others fail. That is why our £1,000 Challenge has never been accepted.

We do this one thing far, far better than anyone else.

Our 25 Years' Experience Guarantees your Cure. Many thousands are already cured. Hundreds are being cured at this moment. You may be Cured Now.

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CURES BAD LEGS WITHOUT RESTING.

CURES BAD LEGS WITHOUT ADDRESS FROM HOME.

CURES BAD LEGS WITH CERTAINTY.

CURES BAD LEGS TO REMAIN CURED.

READ THESE QUESTIONS:—

- (1) Is there an open wound on your leg?
- (2) Is your leg painful?
- (3) Is it red, inflamed, burning, or itching?
- (4) Is there skin inflammation or eczema?
- (5) Is the leg puffy and swollen?
- (6) Do the Veins stand out or are they varicose?
- (7) Is the knee painful, stiff or swollen?

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DON'T FORGET THIS. BY THIS TREATMENT YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF IN YOUR OWN HOME, WITHOUT RESTING, WITHOUT PAIN, WITHOUT RELAPSE OR FAILURE.

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Not only from Great Britain and Ireland, but from every corner of the globe comes the demand from Sufferers for information about this great Treatment. Every day letters pour into the National Infirmary for Bad Legs from Sufferers anxious to be cured. To meet this demand for help the National Infirmary for Bad Legs have decided to send to all applicants

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- (3) A LEGAL GUARANTEE TO CURE.
- (4) AN AUTHENTIC LIST OF CASES CURED IN YOUR OWN TOWN or neighbourhood, so that every Sufferer may see and talk with the people in his own district whom the Treatment has cured.

This great Free Offer is not a chance to be missed, so if you desire to have your leg made well, sit down now, fill in the Coupon below, and send to the

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WARD S.I.,

239, GREAT GLOUCESTER STREET,

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You will then receive by return of post and free of charge THE VALUABLE BOOK, THE ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, THE LEGAL GUARANTEE, THE LIST OF CASES CURED IN YOUR OWN DISTRICT, and advice on your case if desired.

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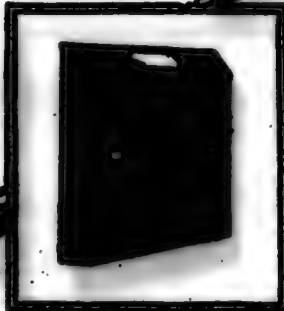
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John Bull's Letter Bag

24

JULY 21, 1923.

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O. T. (Canewdon).—"Nursery gardening, as a business, is dead." No flowers.

J. R. C. (Stratford).—"Sailing is a man's hobby." And sales a woman's.

W. R. (Manchester).—"My business is nobody's business." Then, sir, you're nobody.

V. S. (Dudley).—"My hobby's a good square meal." And you seem to be full of your hobby.

BRIAR (Chelsea).—"Cigarettes are injurious in any case." We always keep ours in the packet.

A. W. (Worthing).—"Middle age is the sensible age." But really sensible people always keep young.

P. B. (Chertsey).—"Perhaps you didn't know what I meant in my last letter." We didn't—did you?

TIS (Rugby).—"Lots of people get quite out of hand when on a holiday." And more get out of pocket.

O. A. (Kensington).—"Nine times out of ten a woman is right." And ten times out of ten she thinks she is.

T. R. K. (Durham).—"A lot of people get silly as they get older." And a lot of people don't wait so long as that.

F. F. (Brighton).—"Half the stuff written about politics is sheer rubbish." After reading half your letter we agree with you.

M. A. L. (Dewsbury).—"Of course it isn't the right thing to discuss a lady's age." Of course not, unless it's the other lady's!

W. T. P. (Cardiff).—"Chocolates can be bought for 2d. each which will make you drunk." Clearly not chocolates with soft centres.

J. A. (Birmingham).—"I don't expect a free ad. in JOHN BULL." Then there's not the slightest chance of you being disappointed.

P. S. (Blackburn).—"Sprouts, for instance, don't come from Brussels." No, sir. Not any more than bananas come from the Strand.

H. C. (Stockwell Road).—"No girl need make a fool of herself." In some instances it would be rather like interfering with nature.

TIX-TACK (Bolton).—"I have papered a room with cigarette cards." And now when you want to see the pictures you just stay at home.

T. R. (Eltham).—"As for the post office, I don't know how to express myself." Not being a postal packet they won't allow you to.

R. L. T. (Swindon).—"What do you think of my political poem?" Rhyme without reason.

B. F. T. (Bearsden).—"Present-day laundry bills are a bit stiff!" Perhaps they starch them.

TYKE (Radstock).—"Nothing seems to come off with me lately." Same here, barring buttons.

N. P. (Brighton).—"I can see distrust of the future on all hands." Then we take it that you are a palmist.

E. F. B. (Nuneaton).—"Enclosed you will find reply." Not so, madam! You omitted to enclose the enclosure.

T. T. (Salisbury).—"There's a lot of betting goes on these days on cricket matches." Well! what's the odds?

B. P. (Swansea).—"In cinemas people mix suffering from divers complaints." Sounds like that sinking feeling to us.

P. E. M. (Leadhills).—"How many M.P.s keep their pledges?" Excuse us! we know very little about pawn-broking.

B. R. (Leeds).—"The public-houses should either be shut up entirely or open all the time." In short, no half measures.

ERRA KUHA (Wallasey).—"Woman's greatest weapon against man is being mysterious 'correct.'" And all men love mysteries.

A. R. C. (Lpwestoft).—"Fish and chip shops always use old newspapers for wrapping up." Don't expect the latest editions, do you?

C. V. H. (Liverpool).—"Elderly men are increasingly smoking cigarettes." Possibly because their grand-children demand the pictures.

F. A. (London).—"It's a pity publicists won't leave the colour question alone." Time enough when the question's answered satisfactorily.

A. P. (Queen's Road).—"It's an insult to call defaulting bookmakers, Welshers." Go on! Bookmakers aren't so thin-skinned as all that.

C. F. (Cardiff).—"Whatever happens I mean to keep on to the bitter end." Reminds us unpleasantly of the cigar we smoked at lunch time to-day.

M. H. (Cromer).—"Mine is only a little place, but I can accommodate a party of about fifty." But we're a party of not quite forty yet.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. Notes (charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

T. A. (Ashford).—"The fruit in the country is crying out for rain." Preserve us!

COMBIE (Walthamstow).—"May I hope to see my M.S. in J.B."? No, sir! in W.P.B.

O. F. F. (Sidcup).—"The country wants a man to follow." How about Rowley Mile?

T. F. R. T. (Bilston).—"Prohibition jokes are getting a bit stale." Apparently you don't appreciate dry humour.

S. L. (Belfast).—"Ten days is much too short a holiday." But most people are much too short to make it longer.

F. G. (Winchester).—"Reading between the lines I can foresee trouble." Sure! You might get run over for one thing.

Mrs. A. G. (Surrey).—"My husband doesn't like things made from cookery books." Then he doesn't swallow everything he sees in print.

A. C. (King's Cross).—"A woman can make £1 go much further than her husband can." But nothing like so far as her husband expects her to.

W. T. (Tulse Hill).—"A lot could be done to make our railway stations more decorative." We might hang about more in our new panama for instance.

P. P. (Portsmouth).—"The domestic servant is capable of looking after herself." Quite so! But she's supposed to look after the housework as well.

L. A. B. (Nottingham).—"I should think that revue jokes were invented by Adam." Probably that accounts for the Garden of Eden touch about some of them.

LANCASTRIAN (Thatto Heath).—"Labour exchange officials give too little attention to finding work." Some of them wouldn't know what to do with it if they found it.

NEW LEAF (Burton).—"In future I am going to tell my wife everything." Then you'll find pretty well all you're going to tell her in the JOHN BULL Treasure Book.

WILLIAM AGAIN (Putney).—"Vegetarianism has made a new man of me." Not knowing the sort of man you were before we don't know whether to condole or congratulate you.

S. K. W. (Guildford).—"Does Lady Astor expect us to produce our birth certificates before we can get a drop of whisky?" We'd prefer the birth certificate of the whisky to be produced.

H. R. M. (Scarborough).—"Am I allowed to enter BULLETS from my holiday address?" Yes. And if you win the £250 you may even be able to settle up with the landlady.

W. F. (Batley).—"I've got a head on my shoulders." A nice, tidy place to keep it, too.

A. S. W. (Llandudno).—"Lots of the girls about here are freckled." We've spotted them.

D. S. S. (Carlisle).—"What does the saying 'the answer's a lemon' mean?" That somebody's got the pip.

T. L. (Chester).—"I would like to live all the time in the open air." You don't have to come in out of the rain, anyhow.

B. T. (Aberdeen).—"The secret of life is to be perfectly natural." We prefer to remain as we are and be naturally perfect.

R. K. (Ockenden).—"Wild flowers are simply flowers that haven't been cultivated." Perhaps that's what makes them wild.

TOTEM (Finsbury Park).—"My fiancée won't get married for three years." Probably she wants to get married for all the time.

J. R. B. (Dalston).—"Don't you think the service in this country is very bad?" Railway, Church, County Court, Restaurant or Tennis?

K. C. (Farnborough).—"A friendly argument has arisen over the question, 'Is a red cabbage green?' 'No, it isn't.' 'Is a tomato a fruit?' 'It isn't.'"

L. B. J. (Hackney Wick).—"As you know, I am a reader of JOHN BULL." We wondered who bought the copy we've been selling at Hackney Wick.

M. S. W. (East Malling).—"100 words do not cover all I could say." And, Madam, you would differ considerably from the rest of your sex if it did.

T. K. G. (Saltscombe).—"Do you think it is really possible to foresee the immediate future?" If it's anything like the immediate past we don't want to.

H. M. P. (Poole).—"Why not large mirrors at dangerous corners?" Then every woman would know for certain whether or not her hat was on straight.

CHETTY (Hastings).—"Where do all the funnycities you see at the seaside come from?" Haven't an idea. You don't give us your home address for a start.

B. W. (Caterham).—"When a man's compiling a new dictionary how does he know he's spelling all the words correctly?" Probably he looks up someone else's dictionary.

J. B. (Clerkenwell).—"Thousands of men only understand the economy of their trouser pockets." Single men, yes! To married men trouser pockets are often no economy.

GROUSER (Manor Park).—"After messing about for a twelve month, my pension complaint has been settled, thanks to you, John." Good! If you'd written us twelve months ago you'd have saved a year's worry—and you're only one of many.

Mrs. H. W. (Birmingham).—"Could not the Corporation authorities be made to see . . . ?" Not beyond their own corporation.

CURIOS (Portsmouth).—"Where is this year's sea-serpent?" We don't know. Ask somebody on holiday.

S. P. (Boston).—"What is the best thing for me to put my shirt on?" Your back!

ALPHA (Wishaw).—"A pound can harbour enough germs to infect the whole of London." We'd like to take thousand risks.

M. B. (Sunburn).—"I wish I were a butterfly and flit from place to place." And finish up your little life inside a case.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

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less trouble. What do you know about it?
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He was born in 1847 in the old world village of Muston Botesford, in Leicestershire, where Crabbe, the poet, was rector. He has lived and laboured all his life in the Empire, and now finds himself homeless and penniless in the land of his birth.

His application for an Old Age Pension has been refused on the ground that he has not resided in the United Kingdom for at least twelve years after reaching the age of fifty.

He spent some years in Australia, and on the outbreak of war went to work in a munition factory. He sustained an injury which incapacitated him from further service, and was granted an Old Age Pension of 13s. a week by the Australian Government.

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to England to claim his legacy, relinquishing his Australian Old Age Pension.

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We acknowledge with gratitude the following anonymous communication:—"In appreciation of your prompt attention and practical sympathy given in hard cases brought to your notice—I have in mind one such case in particular—the writer has decided as from July 1st instant and onwards, so long as such scheme continues, to let you have a sum of at least three guineas a year for your Charity Fund."

Will other readers follow this example, according to their means?

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1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLET" COMPETITION No. 492.

FINE HOLIDAY	LIFE'S HIGHWAY
STANDING ARMY	WIDE CHOICE
FREE COUNTRY	GOOD AS GOLD
PARKING UP	GENEALOGY
OLD SCHOOL	TAKEN FOR GRANTED
LIVELY	WIFE'S LUGGAGE
NOT SPELL	SAILING
NOT SO SLOW	RECEIVED LATER
MAKING LOVE	SUNDAY GAMES
IN THE SWIM	GRAND LANDLADY

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupon on page 27, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, AUGUST 9th. All Coupons so used must be marked clearly with the number 492 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 492, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 492.

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